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THE
TOAST,
AN
EPIC POEM,
IN
Four BOOKS.

Written in *Latin* by
FREDRICK SCHEFFER,
for the London Times
Done into *English* by
Peregrine O Donald,
London
PEREGRINE O DONALD, Esq;

V O L. I.

*Siquis erat dignus describi, quod Malm, aut Fur;
Quod Moechus foret, aut SICARIUS, aut alioqui
Famosus; multa cum libertate notabant.* Hor.

DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year, MDCCXXXII.

P

THE

CLASS

EPIC POEM

FOUR BOOKS

Written in Latin

BY DR. RICHARD SCHNEIDER

Translated into English by

PERRINIA O. DONALD, ESQ.

VOL. I.

Printed and Published by J. M. MOORE, at the
Office of the Publisher, No. 10, N. 2nd St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

1851

Entered in the Year 1851, according to Act of Congress,
in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania,
by J. M. Moore, Clerk.

NOTES

Page 23. Col. A. J. A. read Colorado. P. 27. col. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 83

ERRATA.

Page 1. l. 3. read *Noctivagator*. p. 10. l. 7: r. *studet* p.
26. l. 2. r. *who sung*. p. 32. l. 10. r. *Mar del Nort*. p.
34. l. 8. r. *O! the Torch*. p. 35. l. 10. r. *the Form*. p.
37. l. 7. for, *acquire more*. r. *accumulate*.

In the NOTES.

Page 23. Col 2. l. 1. read *Colaunda*. p. 25. col. 2. l. 2.
dele *has*. Ibid, l. 6. r. *Pieridum*. pag. 30. col. 1. l.
12. r. *les grands*. p. 47. col, 1. l. 14. for *undertake*, r.
take.

T H E
TRANSLATOR'S
P R E F A C E.

W H E N I was last winter in *Dublin* I met with a *Latin* poem in old Monkish rhymes intituled *Phæbus Noctivagator, seu Hermaphroditus*, which was publish'd there in 1728: The Author, Mr. *Frederick Scheffer*, is a *Swede*, or, as some say, a native of *Lapland*. He came into *Ireland* (as I am inform'd by my bookseller) in the reign of his Grace the Duke of *G—n*, in order to recover a sum of money due to him for a freight of copper. But as this happened very unluckily for him at a time when the whole Nation had conceiv'd an insuperable aversion to that metal, and could not be persuaded to revere even the image and superscription of *Cæsar*, if impress'd upon copper, our author found himself engaged in great difficulties, and was oblig'd to prosecute a long expensive law suit, before he could obtain an order for the payment of his money. This was the labour of some years, during which time Mr. *Scheffer*, at his leisure hours, studied the constitution of our government, the customs and manners

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of our people, and acquir'd a competent skill in the *English* language. In his Preface he has hinted the motives which induc'd him to write the following Poem. But whatever was his real design, the *Irish* Nation is greatly oblig'd to him, who has here disclos'd several anecdotes and curious occurrences which had escap'd the notice of all our own Historians, Biographers, Memoir-writers, &c. I will not presume to defend Mr. *Scheffer's* versification, which I perceive has given great offence to some modern Critics and others, who set up for classical writers, as he himself seems to apprehend it would do. Yet allow me to say, that in this respect he has wholly conform'd to the genius of his own country, where no poems, whether written in a living or a dead language, are in any reputation if rhyme is wanting; and a *Laplander* cannot find any harmony in the numbers of *Virgil*. Another objection, as I have heard, has been made to the characters and persons which our Author has introduc'd as being far beneath the dignity of an Epic Poem, and only fit to appear in a *Dutch* Music-house or a *Smithfield* Droll. *Myra*, the principal Hero or Heroine (for she was both a man and a woman) from whom the Poet has denominated his work, is represented as a deform'd old Hag, possess'd of all the vices and ill qualities that can possibly enter into the composition of an Human creature. The Picture of the witch *Duessa* in *Spencer* is scarce more shocking than the Description of *Scheffer's* Hermaphrodite. Even *Mars* and *Volcan*, the two Gods, to whom our Author addresses his
Invo-

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Invocation, and whose great Deeds he labours to record, presently sink in the Reader's esteem, and at length appear as infamous as any of the lowest order of Mortals. But to this it may be answered, that Praise is not always to be restrain'd to the Virtuous, the Wise or the Brave. Tyrants and Fools have had their Poets and Panegyrists, their real or pretended Admirers: and the Best and Wittiest men have sometimes employ'd their talents in celebrating the actions of the very Worst. *Don Quixote* was a Madman, Sir *Hudibras* was a Coward and a Knave, and the Devil himself is the Hero of the noblest Poem that is extant in the *English* tongue. But if our Author has his faults, it must be confess'd, that he has likewise many excellencies. His design is regular, just, and uniform. He has observ'd a proper compass of time, the whole Action of the Poem having been accomplish'd in forty eight hours. His Adventures are not out of nature or possibility. The Metamorphosis of *Myra* is indeed a wonderful Event: and the Poet has called in a Goddess to perform the Operation. Yet if credit may be given to some learned Historians and Anatomists, even such a Change may be wrought without the interposition of a Deity, and is not uncommonly the effect of a natural cause. But I shall enlarge on this subject in my Annotations on the fourth Book, where the manner of the old Matron's Transformation is particularly reported. I don't know whether it will be allow'd as a proper commendation of our Author to say, that the Battle of *Mars* and *Myra*, which is the chief Action and Cata-

B 2

strophe

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strophe of the Poem is related simply without any poetical ornament, or any one circumstance or incident thrown in by the Author to embellish his Narration. From hence some learned Criticks have too hastily concluded, that Mr. *Scheffer* has aim'd rather to be thought a faithful Historian than a good Poet. Thus my Countryman *Tir-Oen*, *Schefferus noster Mavortis ac Miræ monomachiam cantando ne quidem aliquid affinxit, neque vera falsis remisquit; sed res gestas, personasque tales exhibuit, quales ante Schefferi carmen nobis innotuere. Veretur profecto vir bonus nè nimis poeta esse videatur.* Mr. *Scheffer*, in his description of the Combat between *Mars* and *Myra* has added nothing of his own, nor mingled Fiction with the true History: but he has drawn the Combatants such as they are, and has related the particulars of the Fight exactly as they happened; which were well known to us before Mr. *Scheffer* publish'd his Poem. This honest Gentleman was really afraid of being reputed too much a Poet. Mr. *Wetstein* in his Preface to the *Amsterdam* Edition of our Author's works, gives into the same opinion, *Hermaphroditi & Martis duellum satis dignè scripsit Schefferus. Haud quid autem commentus est de suâ sententiâ, nec carmini addidit pondus. Fidus historiolæ scriptor; timidus poeta.* *Scheffer* has given us a relation of the Duel which *Mars* fought with the Hermaphrodite; and he has told his tale well enough; but he has not added any circumstances from his own invention, so as by that means to adorn and give a weight to his Song. He is a faithful

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faithful Historian, but a very timorous Poet. But with all due deference to the judgment of these Great Men, I do not conceive, that a good Historian and a good Poet are incompatible characters; or that a mighty Warrior needs any adventitious blazonry, and to be dress'd up with false colours, when the true history of his life and actions is sufficient to create surprize and delight in every Reader. If I was dispos'd to celebrate King *Arthur* and the Knights of his table, or to exalt some other Worthies among his Royal Successors, I should certainly have recourse to the Invention of my Muse, both to form the Hero, and to furnish the Adventures. But if I was to describe *Alexander* at *Tyre*, *Cæsar* at *Alexia*, or the late King of *Sweden* at *Bender*, I should scarce think I did any honour to the Heroes or to my self, by involving the greatest deeds that ever were perform'd in Fiction and Fable,

Thus much I have thought proper to say in behalf of my Author. On my own account I shall only add, that I have followed him step by step, and have endeavoured to render the exact sense and meaning of this famous *Gothic* Poem. Indeed my Version is almost literal, as may immediately be discern'd by comparing it with the Original. I have taken no other liberties, but only in the first place, to change Mr. *Scheffer's* Title, which I could not possibly adapt to the voice of the *Dublin* Hawkers, on whose Address I must chiefly depend for a quick sale of my Book: and, secondly, to leave out some Unpolite Epithets and Expressions, which, however they might delight a Northern ear,

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would certainly give Offence to a fair *British* Reader.

I cannot conclude without acknowledging, that the Observations and Notes, with which I have illustrated this Translation, are partly extracted from the Comment of *Tir-Oen*, and the Critical Dissertations of Messieurs *Cuper* and *Wetstein*, and partly compil'd from the private Memoirs and Informations which I have receiv'd from some intelligent Friends touching the Lives and Adventures of *Scheffer's* Heroes.

THE

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I Did not compose the following Poem to acquire a sudden reputation in this kind of writing, nor have I now made it publick at the request of my Friends; but purely to testify my gratitude to some Honourable Personages, from

NOTES on the AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

* *I did not compose, &c.*

Vericulos hosce neque pro fama feci, ut repente sic Poeta prodirem, neque amicorum rogatu jam Typis mandavi. Cum autem innumera maximaque in me beneficia contulissent Comitissa quædam Perhonorabilis Sociique ejus maxime colendi, ne ingratum dicerent, &c.

Our Author has certainly alledg'd a very justifiable reason for the publication of his work, however he may have succeeded in the opinion of the *Beaux esprits*. There are Benefits which de-

mand a publick acknowledgment, and which cannot properly be return'd in any other manner. As there are Crimes which the hand of justice cannot reach, and which can no otherwise be punish'd than by being expos'd: and which ought to be expos'd in order to prevent honest men from being deceiv'd by appearances, and circumvented under the colour and masque of friendship. This in my opinion is the best apology that can be made for Personal Satire.

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whom I have receiv'd very many and some very extraordinary favours during my residence in *Dublin*. If the *Gothic* Muse hath fail'd to make her Compliments with a just delicacy, or in a manner suitable to the elegant taste of this Country, yet I flatter my self that my Endeavours will be thought laudable; and I hope that the Dignity of my Subjects may excite some abler Bard to treat 'em with a greater propriety, to illustrate the characters, and do justice to the merit of my noble Patrons and Benefactors. I may perhaps incur the displeasure of some modern Wits for having reviv'd a Species of Poetry which has been in disuse for more than two hundred years past. I shall listen with great respect and deference to their Animadversions. But I here declare once for all, that I defy malevolent Criticks of all denominations, those only excepted ^a who, if

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^a *Who if they fail to stab, &c.*

Hominem, cujus fama lædi non possit, ex insidiis occidere meditantur. Si forsitan Sicarios istos, &c.

Mr. *Scheffer*, during the last year of his residence in *Dublin*, very narrowly escaped being assassinated. One of the Russians, who were hired for that purpose, either out of a remorse of conscience, or in hopes of a greater reward, came privately to our Author, and discover'd the villainy; But not till after they had

laid in wait for him a week or ten days without finding a proper opportunity of executing their design. It will not be amiss to mention here the opinion of Mr. *Wetstein*, the learned *Dutch* Commentator. His words are these, *Patroni maxime colendi, simul & sicarii nequissimi, quos memorat Schefferus in proœmio, nec non delecti heroes, quos cecinit poeta, 'Auroræ, i. e. ipsissimi sunt.* Mr. *Scheffer's* most honoured patrons, and the wicked Assassins, of whom he makes mention

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if they fail to stab a man's Reputation, will attempt to assassinate his Person. Such I know there are, and therefore, as often as I shall be oblig'd to pass near the habitation of these Savages I will put my self into as good a posture of defence as I can. In the mean time I derive much satisfaction from the uprightness of my own Intentions, and from the approbation of those ingenious and worthy Gentlemen to whose judgment I submitted this Poem before I would venture to send it abroad. Let it not be thought any vanity in me, that I have here prefix'd their Testimonies; since in this I am abundantly justify'd by the practice of many ancient and modern Bards, my great Predecessors and Contemporaries.

NOTES *on the* AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

mention in his Preface, as likewise the Heroes of his Poem are the same Individual persons. I cannot conceive what reading or information could suggest to Mr. *Wetstein* such a thought: sure I am, that no body will be found

to subscribe to his opinion, but who must first be persuaded, that all the Compliments in our Author's Preface are a meer Irony, and that the whole Poem is Allegory and Burlesque.

ILLUS.

ILLUSTRISSIMO VIRO
FREDERICO SCHEFFER,

TIR-OEN, Corcagiensis

S. P. D.

QUIS genus, quis Semivirorum amores
Nesciat, risum teneatve, seu Cra-
ticularum fumis celebrare, Scheffer,
seu Caliendum?

Aptior ludo nova forma Miræ

Virgines urit; Veneremque matrona

Omnia explorans studet æmulari

Prodigiosam.

Æmulantur Dique Deæque, quot sunt;

Te canentem Mulciberumque Martemque;

Et rogant, ut Tu simili Camænâ

Se quoque laudes.

To

To the Most Illustrious
FREDERICK SCHEFFER,

TIR-OEN, of the County of *Cork*

Sendeth Greeting.

SCHEFFER, 'tis to thee we owe

All of HERMAPHRODITES we know.

Thy Jocund Muse will never tire one

Pleas'd with thy PERUKE and GRIDIRON.

Is there on Earth a Wanton Dame

Who does not envy Myra's frame?

Is there a God, that wou'd not be

Vol, or the Warriour, sung by thee?

CLAE.

CLARISSIMO VIRO
FREDERICO SCHEFFER,

Vandalorum poetarum prægloriosissimo.

TALIA dum referas plectro majore, Poeta,
Cinge caput. Phæbi laurea jure tua est.

Aut nulli heroes, aut nunc sine honore fuissent;

Grandiloqui vatis si periisset opus.

Ante tuam musam quis Prati detulit artes,

Impitumque Smitum credidit esse Deum?

Jam tepet omnis anus, mœchisve tepebit Iernis:

At solùm vestræ est utraque nota Venus.

Femineâ indutus sic veste latebat Achilles;

Sic nymphas iniit, sic et adulter erat.

Sic pueram frustra mentito astutus Ulysses

Heroi imposuit nomen & arma viri.

To the Renowned

FREDERICK SCHEFFER,

The most glorious of all the *Vandal* poets.

W*Hile the PERUKE and GRIDIR'N the Muses
resound,*

Let thy temples, O Scheffer, with laurel be crown'd!

Hadst not thou, mighty Poet, such wonders reveal'd,

The Exploits of our Heroes had still been conceal'd;

We shou'd still have believ'd J--n--y P— a mere clod,

And whoe'er had suspected old S— was a God?

We shou'd still have believ'd that a Dame of threescore,

As a Woman might love—but cou'd do nothing more:

Thus in petticoats clad was Achilles unknown;

*Thus the Nymphs he deceiv'd—and all Wives were
his own.*

Fill, like thee, cunning Uly found out the Mock-dame,

And restor'd to the Hero his arms and his name,

One

Esse pura Miram magni Chironis Alumnū :

Hæc quoque Peliden ore, animoque refert.

Fervidus, æquè aptus veneri, implacabilis irâ,

Succubuit fato victus uterque pari.

Haud aliter, quàm nunc Miræ jaculatus ocellos

Pulvis, Achilleum perculit hasta pedem.

Ruffini in Regno
Monædæ. Kal.
Oct. 1728.

PHILIPPUS CHRISTIANUS

*One would think too that Chiron thy Myra had
taught.:*

*As his Pupil so furious she look'd — and she fought ;
Both impatient in Love — implac — able in Hate,
Nor unskilful their Foes — nor unequal their Fate ;
Nor a weapon more sure, thrown alike by surprize,
Was the Dart in his Heel than the Dust in her Eyes.*

Castle Town in
the Kingdom of Man.
1. Oct. 1728.

PHILIP CHRISTIAN.

IN

I N
FREDERICI SCHEFFERI
HERMAPHRODITUM
KNAPPUS CORCAGIENSIS,
ÆNIGMA-ASTROLOGUS.

DUM cœli faciem meditor, dum ænigmata fingo,
Grandia doctiloquus dicit sua carmina Scheffer :

Immanem memorat Miram, quæ, publica cura,

Cunctorumque Uxor quondam famosa virorum

Indomitâ rabie, facta est currentibus annis

(Sic Veneri placuit) cunctorum Vir mulierum.

Sic quoque Tiresiam fertur mutâsse jocosus

(Quis fuit ille ?) Deus ; sic maxima gaudia cepit

Alternis vicibus modo mas, modo fœmina vates.

III

Gothicus hæc — & jam paulo majora —

Exhibet Eblanæ formasque artesque Deorum,

Quales

(B Y)

— K N A P P, Ænigmatical-Al-
manack Maker of the City of *Cork*,

Upon reading the

HERMAPHRODITUS

OF

Mr. *FREDERICK SCHEFFER*.

QUAIN'T Riddles I compose, but Scheffer brings
A nobler Verse — The British Myra sings;

The mighty Thing, which Lesbian Loves began,

Whilom the wanton Wife of every Man,

Now hap'ly form'd, in the decline of life,

A vig'rous Gallant fit for ev'ry Wife.

Tiresias thus some sportful God employs,

Changing the Sex, to prove alternate Joys.

C

Then

Quales nec cecinit Naso, nec Jupiter optat.

Callidus ecce senex Vol computat Æs alienum

More novo. Mox idem Ætneas evocat ignes,

Et tumidis Buccis educit Vitrea Vasa.

Hic quoque Venator (neque nunc infamia terret
Gafnei fustis) Caliendro Corniger adstat

Armatus Mavors: cedit victricibus armis

Monstrum horrendum, ingens, olim pulcherrima
Conjux.

Then

Then in sublimer Strains he tells——

*What Forms and Arts from Dublin Gods have
sprung :*

(Such Jove ne'er practis'd, nor has Ovid sung)

How wily Vol new Rules of Counting taught,

And the Glas Bottle to perfection brought :

How Mars Beperrriwig'd redeem'd his fame,

Subdu'd a Monster, once his lovely Dame.

Then in Judgment, Justice he tells —
 What Form and Shape from Death's Gate
 Spring:

(Such Love now practis'd, nor his Obedience)
 How early Vol were Rays of Counting rays;
 And the Glass Points to perfection brought:
 How Man's Repentance's returned his frame
 Subdud a Monster, once his lovely Dame.

TOAST.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SING, O Muse, *Phæbus*' Wrath! say what Cause
could persuade

So polite a young God his own Toast to degrade.

In old *Myra* say how a new Furor began,

Who extended her Figure, and stretch'd it to Man.

O resound

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Sing, O Muse, Phœbus Wrath.*

Iram Phœbi mufa cane.

Our Author opens his Poem in Imitation of *Homer's Μῦθε δὲ θεῶν*, but not with equal Simplicity. For Mr. *Scheffer* has here in the Invocation propos'd the Arguments of his whole Work. Either this manner of Writing is most agreeable to the *Gothic* Taste, or our Author intended to excite the attention of his Readers by offering such uncommon Subjects. Mr. *Wetstein* (who now and then deals with *Scheffer* and his Heroes too with great freedom) says, that it

could only have entered into the head of a *Laplander* to have jumbled together an *HERMAPHRODITE*, a *GRIDIRON*, and a *PERUKE* in order to form the Plan of an Epic Poem.

Ver. 3. *In old Myra say how, &c.*

*Quir ex vetulâ impurâ
Furor novus & Figura.*

*Quis ex Mirâ finxit Mirum
Ex Matronâ Semivirum?*

Here is a low Pun on the name of *Myra*, a sort of Wit with which this Work much abounds. But I have carefully avoided

O resound the Utenfil invented for Grilling!

5

Let it henceforth be Splendid as *Philips* his Shilling!

Tell

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

avoided it in my Translation without deviating however from the Sense of my Author. *Myra* — This Lady, who is the Heroine of the Poem was descended from a good Family among the *Coritani*. She was a Woman of an extraordinary Stature, and of such Vigour and Strength of Body as was not equal'd by any of her Contemporaries. 'Tis said that when she was but eighteen Years of Age, she was a Match for *Milo*, and, like that famous Wrestler, cou'd carry a full grown Bull. But I am apt to believe this is not to be understood literally, but in that proverbial Sense in which *posse Taurum tollere quæ vitulum sustulerit*, is explain'd by *Quartilla* in *Petronius Arbitrator*. Nor was our noble Matron debilitated by Age, or her Conspicible Appetite in the least decay'd, when she had nearly arriv'd to the grand Climacterick. Even the ruins which had been made in her outward form by the malice of Father Time, she had so artfully repair'd and varnish'd over, that *Apollo* himself was deceiv'd by her first Appearance, as he had been by the shining Character which one of his favourite Bards had bestow'd on her. This Mistake or Misinformation, and the Incidents which follow upon it furnish the chief matter of Mr. *Scheffer's* Poem. For the God having been rallied for toasting the old Dame, and thereupon making a nearer inspection, he discovered all the defects of her Person, and the various arts, which she us'd to disguise them. And farther examining into her Conduct and Constitution, and the Frame and Temper of her Mind, he plainly perceiv'd, that she had been guilty of all kind of Pollutions; that unfast by her male Gallants she daily practis'd that unnatural Act the *Spaniards* call *Donna con Donna*. His Godship was so much

asham'd and incens'd to be thus disappointed, that in revenge he publish'd the famous Edict, which Mr. *Scheffer* has recited in his third Book. Among other Prohibitions contain'd in this Edict our old Matron was for the future interdicted all Commerce with Men. But this severe Sentence was immediately defeated by the Interposition of *Venus*. The Goddess thought her self highly affronted in the Person of her Votary. She was not unmindful of the Obligations, which she ow'd to *Myra*. And moreover she rightly judg'd, that the Loss of so indefatigable a Servant, and of one so thoroughly experienced in all Venereal Rites and Ceremonies, cou'd not but be very prejudicial to the Affairs of her Empire. She was indeed unable to rescind *Apollo's* Decree, it being an immutable Order of the Fates, that one God may not be permitted to undo the Acts of another. She therefore instantly chang'd our Matron into a Man, transferring at the same time to her new Being all that Vigour and Vivacity, which *Myra* was wont to exert in her Womanhood, together with all other Privileges and Advantages usually annexed to the Male Sex. *Myra*, after her Transformation, was possess'd with so much Fire and Courage, that she engaged her *quondam* Husband the God of War in a single Combat. But just as the Victory inclin'd to her side she was overcome by a Stratagem. See the Note on *Ver. 31*,

Ver. 5. O Resound, &c.

Ocellas torret quod, cantato!

Craticulam resonato!

Fulgur cujus vincat nil, ipsius ne vel Jacci Philips

Nummulus

Tell us how 'twas apply'd to confound Calculation,
 To enrich a great Artist, and beggar a Nation :
 Which to thy own Exchequer O ** translate,
 To remain there confest the chief Engine of State. 10
 To a Warriour of Fame my last Labours belong;
 Who will ever refuse the great Warriour a Song?

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Nummulus seu Argente-us,
 Seu Verficulus Aure-us !

Craticula signifies a *Gridiron*, a very convenient Kitchen Utensil.

Parva tibi curva Craticula sudet ofella.
 Martial.

In the Reign of *Nero* the wealthy Courtiers and Men of Quality generally us'd Silver Gridirons, on which they broil'd Hog's Puddings. *Fuerunt & Tomacula super Craticulam Argenteam posita.* Petron. Arb. In the Reign of the late Queen *Anne* some Great Men and Ministers of State instituted the famous Beef-Steak Club. Their President, the facetious *Dick Efcourt*, wore a Silver Gridiron hanging to one of the Buttons of his Coat, as the Badge of his Office. But at no time, whether by Cooks, Wits, or Ministers of State has the Gridiron been apply'd to so excellent an Use, as by one of Mr. *Sebeffer's* Heroes. See the Note on *Ver. 25.* *Jacci Philips.* Mr. *John Philips* wrote an excellent Burlesque Poem in *Miltonick Verse* call'd the *Splendid Shilling.*

Ver. 11. *To a Warrior, &c.*
 Nunc Extremum mî Laborem
 O! concede. Bellatorem

Collanda meum. Dignè texe Carmen, quod vel legat Rex. Et quis magno, si Rex leget, Bellatori pauca neget? Pauca — sed nec meliora Scribat Vates, nec majora Quis Grubæus!

So it is in *Grierfen's* Edition. But in the *Amsterdam* Copy we read *Quis Gotbicus.* *Tir-Oen*, as well as the *Dutch* Commentator is of opinion, that *Grubæus* is a Corruption of the Text. 'Tis absurd, says that great Critick, to imagine, that Mr. *Sebeffer* should rank himself with the Authors of *Grubstreet*, a Place of which he had probably never heard, but 'twas natural for him to wish he might excel all other *Gotbic* Poets. If the Reader pleases, it may be *Gotb* instead of *Grub*.

This part of the Invocation is a plain Imitation of the beginning of *Virgil's* last Eclogue.

Extremum hunc, Aretbusa, mibi concede laborem.
Pauca meo Gallo, sed quæ legat ipsa Lycoris,
Carmina sunt dicenda. Neget quis carmina Gallo?

Be sonorous the Lay, that no *Grub* may exceed it ;

Nor a King may disdain at his Leisure to read it !

For a Combat I sing, by a Stratagem won, 15

And a *PERUKE* which conquer'd as sure as a Gun:

Wond'rous Peruke, which *Jove* in his Heav'n shou'd have
plac'd,

Nearest where *Berenice's* fair Tresses are grac'd ;

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Ver. 15. *For a Combat I sing,*
&c.

Dic Duellum, & quis sic Vic-
tor, & quo Dolo, Musa, dic.
Dic *Caliendrum*, mirum opus,
Quo haud certiùs ferit Sclopus ;
Quod, si Jupiter ornaret
Cœlos suos, collocaret,
Ubi candidæ, victrices
Fulgent comæ *Berenices* ;
Sic in Sidera mutandum,
Astrum *Martis* appellandum.

This Thought our Author seems to
have borrowed from *Musæus*.

Τὸν ὠφέλιον αἰθέριος Ζεὺς
Ἐπέχρησεν· ἄθλοισιν αἰὲν ἐς ὀμβρῶν ἄστρον
καὶ μὴν ἱππικῶσαι τυμφοδόλῳ ἄστρον Ἐρώτων.

Caliendrum, by which Word our Author
means a Peruke, signifies any Ornament
for the Head made of counterfeit Hair.

But properly the false Hair or Towers which
the *Roman* Ladies commonly wore in the
Reign of *Augustus*, and which are us'd
by the old Women of our Days to hide
their Baldness.

Altum Saganae Caliendrum. Hor.

In the fourth Book, where the Peruke
is thrown in *Myra's* Face, 'tis call'd *Ca-
pillamentum*. And this, I think, is the
more proper Word. Thus *Suetonius* speak-
ing of *Caligula's* Night Rambles, *Ganeas*
atque adulteria Capillamento celatus [dis-
guis'd in a Peruke] & *veste longâ nocti-
bus obiret*.

Comæ Berenices. *Berenice* was a Queen
of *Ægypt*, who made a Vow to cut off
her Hair, if her Husband *Ptolemy* return'd
victorious from the War. He defeated
his Enemy, and she perform'd her Vow,
consecrating her Tresses in the Temple
of *Venus*. The Gods or the Astronomers
of that Country immediately metamor-
phos'd 'em into a Constellation call'd
Berenice's Hair.

And

And have chang'd all the Curls into Ringlets of Stars,
Then have call'd 'em, *The new Constellation of Mars.* 20

While the Steeps of *Parnass* thus advent'rous I climb,
Mighty things, tho' unskilful, attempting in Rhyme,
On a *Pegasus* mount me — or aid me some God,
That unstumbling I tread in a way that's untrod!

O! my Captain, Arch-Collier, or thee shall I call 25
Vitriarious Volcan, or only plain *Vol*!

Cease

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Ver. 21. *While the Steeps, &c.*
Sacrum Montem superare,
Grandia tenues cantare
Dum conamur, Rhythmi-
corum

Nos indociles modorum ;
Vel quis Pegasus fit meus ;
Vel quis, qui interfit, Deus
Faxit, ut in tuto siem ;
Perque ardua monstret viam :

Our Author insinuates, that he never compos'd any Verses in Rhyme before, and that he has attempted this kind of Metre, as thinking it most suitable to the Dignity of his Subjects. Here, and more particularly in the Lines which immediately follow, he makes a sort of Boast, that no Poet ever treated of such Arguments but himself.

Vestram, Vol, qui Craticulam
Primus cano.

Me, the first of all Mortals,
who has sung thy Gridiron.

In this he has imitated the Expressions and Allusions of other great Poets both ancient and modern.

Avia Pieredum peragro loca nullius ante
Trita Solo. Lucret.

And now inspir'd trace o'er the Muses
Seat
Untrodden yet. Creech.

Virgil, in the third *Georgic*, makes use of the same Allegory. Thus likewise *Mr. Cowley*,

Guide my bold Steps —
In these untrodden Paths to sacred Fame.

Ver. 25. *O my Captain, &c.*
O Dux, Archi-Carbonarie !
O Volcanæ Vitriarie !

See

Cease thy Breath from thy Bottles awhile to aspire on
 Me, the first of all Mortals, who has sung thy GRIDIRON:
 So may long last thy Pots! so may all thy new Glafs,
 Running smooth, as my Lines, *Bristol* Bottles surpass! 30

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Seu, magna tu audire nols,
 ens, ames dici Simplex Vol.

Volcan, or *Vulcan*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, was the God of Fire. He presided over Mines and Metals, and was the Patron of Smiths. He had his Forges in the Islands of *Lemnos*, *Lipare* and *Ætna*, where he made Thunderbolts for *Jupiter*, and Arms for the rest of the Gods; as well as all other Utenfils which they required. By *Jupiter's* Order he was married to *Venus*. But he was so deform'd, and was always so black and dirty, that the Goddess was soon disgusted with her Spouse, and made no Scruple to chuse from among the other Gods or Men such Gallants, as she fancied. *Volcan*, while he was an Infant, had been kick'd out of Heaven by his Father *Jupiter*, and broke his Leg by the Fall, which was so ill set, that ever afterwards he went limping. His Office in Heaven was to serve in quality of Cup-bearer upon all great Festivals. And *Homer* tells us, that the Gods were much diverted by his Buffoonery. But having at length enter'd into a Conspiracy with his Brother *Mars* he was banish'd with him, *Anno Mundi* and had this Island assign'd him for the Place of his Exile. During the late Civil War he serv'd in the Army, where he was dignify'd with the Title of Captain. But War was a Service which did not in the least agree with his Constitution. The Sight of a Sword drawn in Anger would cause him to sweat much more than the Labour of making it. He therefore apply'd for an Employment, which might not subject him to the

Fatigues and Accidents of a Soldier's Life; and having found means to insinuate himself into the Favour of the D. of O. who was then Viceroy of Ireland, he was appointed Receiver General of the Kingdom, and Surintendant of the Royal Finances.

While he was in Possession of this lucrative Office he counted the Publick Money over a large *Gridiron*, and all the Pieces which fell thro' the Bars he lay'd apart for his own use. By this means he acquir'd immense Riches in a few Years. And when at last he became suspected by reason of the great Deficiencies in the Exchequer, he declar'd himself a Bankrupt, and pretending to give up all his Effects compounded his Peculation for Six-pence in the Pound. To conciliate the Affections of the Country, which he had so shamefully plunder'd, he undertook to enrich our People by introducing a new Manufacture, and teaching us the Art of making Glafs Bottles. Hence he was call'd *Volcanus Vitriarius*. He had likewise the Sirname or Title of *Archi-Carbonarius* bestowed on him, because he first discover'd Coal Mines in Ireland. But he was best known by the Name of *Vol*, a Diminutive from *Volcan*, as we say *Will*, *Tom*, *Kit*, &c. Tho' I must not here omit to take notice, that some learned Criticks derive it from the *French Vol* or *Volcur*, a Thief or Robber, which is certainly no unnatural Etymology. The History of *Vol* and his *Gridiron* forms the Episode in the third Book.

Ver. 29. So may long last thy
 Pots, &c.

Ut

And O thou! whether most thou delightest to hear

Colonel or chief Huntsman, or *Mars* Chevalier,

Leave

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Ut hic Versus poliatur
Vitrum! Olla nec frangatur!
Ampullæque Dublinenses
Superent Bristonienſes!

Tir-Oen, who had frequently surveyed Master *Kol's* Glass-House, affirms, that all the Iron Instruments us'd by his Workmen, as Bars, Paddles, Rakes, Procers, Ladles, small Ladles, Strocals, Forks, Sleepers, Ferrets, Fascets, Pipes, Pontec Stakes, Shears, Scissers, Crannies, Towers, &c. were excellently well made, having been forg'd by himself or under his Inspection. But that his Pots or Pans, in which the Metal was contain'd, were wrought with such bad Clay that they would not resist the Fire, and crack'd after the first or second Trial.

Bristol is a rich and populous City in the Isle of *Great Britain*. 'Tis a Place of great Trade, and is particularly famous for making Glass Bottles, of which very large Quantities were formerly imported into this Kingdom.

Ver. 31. *And O thou, &c.*
Et tu Colonelle, five
Mavis Eques, O Gradive,
Seu Venator jam vocari
Primarius —

Mars, the God of War, the great Hero of this Poem. He was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, or, as others say, of *Juno* alone. He is describ'd by the ancient Poets on Horseback with a Whip and a Spear; but more generally riding on a high Chariot, *Discord* goes before him,

Clamour and *Anger* follow his Chariot, and the Goddess *Fame* with her Trumpet leads the Procession. According to *Homer's* Account of him, *Mars* was the most odious of all the Gods. He was not only perfidious, impious and unjust; but he was likewise an Assassin and a Murderer. He kill'd *Hallirobius* the Son of *Neptune*, for which Crime he was try'd before a Tribunal of twelve Gods. The Power and Interest of his Relations divided the Court, by which means he was acquitted. But having been long after this Escape try'd again for high Crimes and Misdemeanors before *Jove's* own Tribunal, he was convicted and banish'd to the Earth. As this Misfortune befel him at a time when all the Nations of *Europe* were engag'd in Wars, he acquir'd some sort of Reputation in his own Trade, and was advanc'd by the Favour of the D. of O. to a Post of Honour and Profit in the *English* Army. He likewise obtain'd the Title of a Knight, and is therefore frequently call'd *Mavors Eques*, Sir *Mars*, in our Author's Works. But notwithstanding the high Appellations he assum'd, either before or after his Fall, tho' he was acknowledged the God of War, and seem'd to delight in Arms and Blood, yet 'tis certain he had little military Skill and less Courage. *Homer* says, that *Pallas* held our Warrior in such Contempt, that at the Siege of *Troy* she oppos'd him with no other Weapon than a great Stone, with which she knock'd him down; and at another time he was wounded by *Diomed*, a meer Mortal; when unable to bear the Smart of his Wound, and frightened at the Sight of his Blood, he ran out of the Field roaring and bellowing so loud as to be remark'd by

Leave thy Doxies and Dogs, to attend to my Verse,

And protect me, while I thy own Battles rehearse.

So

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by both the Armies. Tis not a matter therefore which ought to cause any Surprise, if now being wholly stript of his Divinity, and subjected to human Infirmities, he should appear still more pusillanimous than he did in his primitive State. However he so well dissembled his Want of Courage, that he attain'd, as I said before, to an handsome Command, and for some time possess'd a Character, which he did not in the least deserve. If his evil Genius had not brought him into this Country, he had certainly been promoted to the Degree of a General in the *British* Troops. But attending here the beginning of this Century on his Patron, who was then our Lord Lieutenant, he was upon some Occasion outrageously insulted, and afterwards Can'd or Cudgel'd by a young Gentleman of the Family of B——w. Not resenting this Affront as he ought to have done, agreeably to the Manners of the Age, and the Rules of Honour observ'd in the Army, he suddenly fell into the utmost Contempt, and thought it proper to quit his military Command. Indeed our Author, who has made choice of Sir *Mars* for his chief Hero, gives a very artful turn to this Action, and imputes his Disgrace to the Malice or Ignorance of his Operator *Pro-metheus*, who had form'd his Body of such coarse matter, and had so ill proportioned the several Members, that scarce one of them was serviceable to him, or could be us'd in a Gentleman-like manner. — After this Misfortune, by the Advice of his Brother *Vul*, our Hero pretended to be an Adept in *Cynogecticks*, and propos'd to stock the Country with an excellent Breed of Hounds. Upon this or some other Account he was appointed Chief R——r or Huntsman General of *Ireland*, in

which Quality Mr. *Scheffer* found him when he first began to write this Poem. *Mars* was a Person of a very hot Constitution; and various are his Amours recorded by the ancient Poets. His Intrigue with *Venus* is a Story well known to every School Boy. *Homer* and *Ovid* both have inform'd us, how he was taken in the very Act, and expos'd to the Derision of all the Gods. Nor was he more successful after his Fall. His Affair with Mrs. *D*, is on Record in the *British* Courts of Law, where he was Judg'd and Multed in the Sum of Five thousand Pounds. There are indeed some very ugly Circumstances which blacken this Action, and justify the Punishment inflict'd on our Hero, even in the Opinion of Men of the greatest Gallantry. For the Lady he debauch'd was the Wife of his best Friend, by whom he was at that Time maintain'd, and in whose House he liv'd. He persuaded the unfortunate Woman to rob her Husband that he might afterwards plunder the Wife, which having done he turn'd her into the Streets, and suffer'd her to perish for want of common Necessaries. *Tir-Oon*, who has related the Particulars of this Affair, concludes his Story with the following Reflection, *Dubium est profecto mihi, an mulierem, an hospitium violando plus voluptatis cepit Mavors. Dubium quogue an improbo minus doluit amicam, cujus amor est perspectus, conficere, an virum, cui maxima debet Beneficia, perdere.* *Tir-Oeni* Commentar, p. 20.

“ I am really in doubt, whether *Mars* took more Pleasure in debauching his Friend's Wife, or in violating the rights of Hospitality? Whether it concern'd him less to starve an unhappy Woman, who had given him the greatest Proofs of her Affection, or to destroy the Peace
“ of

So to read thy Memorial may Viceroy incline, 35

And a Pension bestow — or invite thee to dine!

SOL

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“ of a Man to whom he ow’d the greatest Obligations?

Mr. *Weslein*, in his *Critical Dissertation*, p. 23. has enumerated in a sarcastical manner, the Exploits which our Hero perform’d in the *Low Countries*, I mean his Engagements with the Ladies. *Madam de N.* among others, became his Prey. She was the Wife of a *Dutch General*, the Count *de N.* a Man of great Honour, and highly esteem’d by all who knew him. This Lady receiv’d from *Mars* the same Marks of that singular Humanity, with which he had treated his *English* Mistress. The Intrigue was publickly known. *Madam de N.* was separated from the Count. Her Gallant was oblig’d to fly from the Continent: and in order to be far enough out of the Reach of an incens’d Husband, he retir’d into this Island. Here was the last Scene of his Action. Here he engag’d in that unfortunate Amour, which ended in his Marriage, a State that he had always abhor’d. In short, he was compel’d to make a Wife of an old Mistress, with whom he had cohabited for fourteen or fifteen Years before. This was that famous *Myra* so well known throughout all the *British* Islands. *Mars* was her third Husband. Even during their Concubinage she esteem’d him no otherwise than as one of her menial Servants. But after their Marriage she treated him with the greatest Insolence. She squander’d away his whole Fortune, and reduc’d him to the lowest Circumstances. By repeated Provocations our Hero was at length rous’d to Vengeance. He was seiz’d with that sort of Fury and Madness, which *Homer* ascribes to him, and which sometimes supplies the Want of true Courage. On the very day of *Myra*’s Metamorphosis,

when by that means she was become much more formidable in her Person, he attack’d her in her own Castle. For some time the Battle was doubtful, and *Mars* was often in great Peril. But at last he obtain’d a compleat Victory, by darting suddenly in his Adversary’s Face a full-bottom’d Peruke powder’d *a la moderne*, with which he had arm’d himself for this Purpose. A subtle Invention, says *Monsieur Cuper*, worthy the Genius of the God of War, and the Imitation of all modern Knights who may hereafter be engag’d and unfortunately over-match’d by a Bearded Virago. This famous Battle, which is the Argument of the fourth Book, was fought 5 *Iduum Martii*, the Year before Mr. *Scheffer* publish’d his Poem.

Ver. 33. *Leave thy Doxies
and Dogs, &c.*

Minus placeant jam Catu-li!
Neque cura sit Peculi!

Peculi, i. e. *Domesticarum Meretricium*. All the Commentators justify my Version of this Word. *Domus Martis Canibus Venaticis Meretriculisque* (in quas impetus continuo fiat) semper plena, says *Tir-Oen*.

Ver. 35. *So to read thy Memorial, &c.*

Sic Libellus
Supplex tuus perlegatur!
Rex Salarium largiatur,
Aut Coenam saltem! —

Sir *Mars* presented a Memorial or Petition to every new Viceroy, setting forth the

SOL was now in the Ocean ; his Horses were drest ;
 And the Household of *Thetis* was order'd to rest.
 When his Godship, or curious to visit old Night
 To see how we supply the Defect of his Light ; 40
 Or perhaps to invent a new Subject for Mirth,
 Took a Fancy to strole for one Evening on Earth.
 But he doft all his Rays, and his Bow he laid down ;
 For a God by his Ensigns of Honour is known ;
 As an Idiot's distinguish'd by putting a Bib on, 45
 And a great Chevalier by a Cross and a Ribbon.

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the great Service and Honour he had done the Government — by his Buck-Hounds; and praying an additional Pension not exceeding the Sum of 500 *l. per Annum* to be settled on him for Life. His Memorial was seldom read — and never answered. But he was sometimes invited to dine at the Castle, which gave him full Satisfaction, as it furnish'd the Occasion of that famous Saying, which he had constantly in his Mouth, *J'ay l'honneur de vivre avec le grands.*

Ver. 37. SOL was now in the Ocean, &c.

Cum jam pridem in Oceanum se condidisset Pœan :
 Curatis Equis —

Sol or *Pœan*, the *Sun*, who was also call'd *Apollo*, *Phœbus*, *Cynthius*, *Delius*, &c. He is describ'd by the Poets and Mythologists as a beautiful Youth, his Hair long and flowing with the Wind; his Head crown'd with Laurel, his Habit rich and embroidered with Gold. In one Hand he holds a Bow, and in the other his Harp. When he appears as the *Sun*, he rides in a magnificent Chariot drawn by four Horses, and ends his Stage in the Western Ocean. This God was the Patron and President of the Muses, and the Inventor of Music and Poetry. He was well skill'd in Physick and Divination. For his peculiar Excellencies he was the most honoured of all the Gods, and had the richest Temples. The *Persians* (whose Priests were call'd *Magi*) worship'd the Sun by the Name of *Mithra*, and the *Egyptians* by that of *Osiris*.

Tho'

Tho' the *Magi* assure us the Sun is not proud,
 Yet his Habit was made of the brightest blue Cloud
 Well embroider'd and spangled. He seem'd a meer Beau;
 For he knew that fine Clothes are a Passport below. 50
 Nor his Tresses neglected now flow with the Wind,
 But are furl'd, and with Art in a Silk Bag confin'd.
 Who of all the fair Toupees so graceful appears?
 Who can please the Nymphs more by producing his—Ears?
 From the Head of the *Xipbias* he cuts off a Sword, 55
 That wou'd grace a new Mayor, tho' he's titled My Lord;
 For the Handle was Pearl, and the Scabbard Shagreen;
 And his Sword-Knot unfullied had garter'd a Queen.

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Ver. 55. *From the Head of the Xipbias.*

*Occisoque Xiphi-â put-
 -a præbere Ensem Caput;
 Quo vel novus Prætor gaudeat,
 Si Milordus idem audiat.*

Xipbias, a Fish larger than a Dolphin, by the Italians call'd *Pesce Spada*, by the French, *l'Empereur*; by the Germans *Schwardt Fisch*, and by us *Sword-Fish*. See a Description of this Fish in *Pliny*, *Oppian*, and in *The Natural History of Joban*, *John-*

ston. In the last you have the Figure of the *Sword-Fish*, which is also to be found in the History of the *Hottentots* lately publish'd. — *Julius Cæsar Scaliger* *Poet. lib. cap. 18.* mentions the *Sword Dance*, from hence call'd *Ξιπριπός*, of which there were two kinds, the *Duel-Sole-Dance*, and the *Running-Dance*. *Tir-Oen* says, that *Sir Mari* was well practis'd in both. See the Note on *Ver. 211.* of the second Book.

Xipbias are likewise a Sort of Stars or Comets which appear in the Form of a Sword, in *Mucronem fastigiata*, *Plin. Nat. Hist.*

From

From a Tortoise-Shell Trident he shapes a neat Cane,
 With a Gold Head adorn'd, tho' the Work was but plain. 60
 Shine his Shoes with Gold Buckles: Well lin'd are his Fobs
 With a Watch Case of Gold, and an hundred gold Cobs.
 Nor pronounce the good Muse, who bedights him, too bold;
 For 'tis known, when he pleases, the *Sun* can make Gold.
 But nor he needs to work, or the Muse want a Plea; 65
 For who doubts there is Plenty of Gold in the Sea?
 Thus his Godship equipt fallies out from his Port,
 And, as swift as a *Triton*, thro' *Nare del Nort*,
 To thy Channel, O *George*! with a Spring-tide he flows;
 And anon on *Ierne's* fair Island arose. 70
 Still the Stairs may be seen, in the Deep far extended,
 (Mighty Work of the Sea Gods!) by which he ascended,

Giants

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Ver. 72. *Mighty Work of*
the Sea Gods,
Giants Causey —

Mirum opus Cœrule-i
 Viam extruxere Dei,
 Giganteam nuncupantes:
 Quippe exprimunt Gigantes
 2 Hiero-

Giants Causey — For *Sol*, in his travelling Dress,

Hieroglyphical Giants are us'd to express.

Over Mountains and Bogs speeding hence in a Line, 75

He arriv'd at Port *Eblane* exactly at nine.

Here he travers'd the Streets, every Bridge, and each Quay;

For the Turnings he often had noted by Day.

First the Lamps he examin'd, concave and convex;

How the same were supply'd, with their various Aspects: 80

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Hieroglyphici, Curiosis Solis Robur & Labores:

I need not here give any Account of the *Giants Causey*, a Place so well known to the Inhabitants of this Country. Such however as are curious to see a particular Description of it may consult the *Philosophical Transactions*. But it will not be amiss to inform the unlearned Reader, that the old *Egyptians*, who express'd the Meaning of whatever was sacred among 'em by mystical Characters or the Pictures of various Creatures, us'd the Image and Figure of a Giant to signify the Sun. The *Greeks* and *Asiatics* (who derived their Learning and most of their Gods likewise from the *Egyptians*) wherever they built a Temple to the Sun, erected his Statue in the Form of a Giant: And the *Colossus* of the Sun at *Rhodes*, in which Island he was worshipped with the

greatest Veneration, was seventy Cubits high, and was reckon'd one of the Wonders of the World. The *Jews*, after their Retreat from *Aegypt*, tho' they were forbid by their Law to make Hieroglyphicks, or the Likeness of any Creatures, to express their Meaning and Devotion, yet introduc'd the same into all their Writings by Way of Similes and Comparisons: Thus, in the most excellent Poem, that is now extant in the *Hebrew* Tongue, the Sun is compar'd to a *Giant coming out of his Chamber and rejoicing to run his Course*.

Ver. 76: *He arriv'd at Port
Eblane, &c.*

Eblanamque Portum.

Dublin.

D

But

But condemn'd the dull Glare, that wou'd scanty suffice
 To direct a Night-walker, who wanted good Eyes.
 He remark'd, that short Links serv'd to light home poor
 Wits:

And how Lanthorns mov'd slowly before the rich Cits:
 How that these still become, by their drinking more dull, 85
 And the Bards debonnair, now their Bellies are full.
 To the God were more grateful the well-scented Flames,
 And the Torch, which conducted the Chairs of high Dames,
 How inviting the Belles! how diffusive the Blaze!
 How their Eyes — and the Glasses reflected the Rays! 90
 But astonish'd he look'd, where his Excellence shone
 In a Berlin, whose Guard was a counterfeit Moon:

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 85. *How that these, &c.*
His Ingenium Afininum;
Bacchus illis dat Divinum,
Rifus, Jocos.

When Mr. Scheffer's Poem was first publish'd, some Bon Companions immediately criticis'd this Passage, and call'd our Author as a Man unacquainted with the

Sociable Disposition and Custom of my Countrymen since he causes the Poets and good Citizens of *Dublin* to leave their Bottle so early as nine o' Clock. — But *Tir-Oen*, apologizing for his Friend *Scheffer*, says, it was the Evening of a Festival; that they had all din'd at the Tavern, and were then coming from Dinner, with Design to return to the Tavern about ten for their Evening's Computation.

Such

Such an Orb, as a Deluge of Rain had endur'd,
Unextinguish'd by Winds, and by Clouds unobscur'd:
Phæbe views with much Envy a Rival so bright,
Who assumes her own Form, and eclipses her Light!

How the Streets were adorn'd, thus his Godship has seen;
Now he'll know, how the Houses are lighted within.
So to Court he repairs to make Observation;
For at Court needs must be the grand Illumination. 100
Here the Bougies and Tapers soon drew his Attention:
Much their Form he admir'd, much he prais'd the Invention;
Such a Radiance can Matter, thus moulded, display!
And may Night-Beams be made to resemble the Day!
As if this was his Noon-tide, his Sight was as clear; 105
Nor himself might cause Objects more plainly appear.
He distinguish'd Lord *John* by his noble *Greek* Mien;
He observ'd all, who circled the graceful Vice Queen:

Haughty DAMES set with Di'monds, and stiffen'd with Gold;

Whom to dress for one Day half a County is fold: 110

Mitred LORDS, who besides a good Conscience and Wife,

Here enjoy all the other good things of this Life:

A polite Race of WARRIORS well skill'd in Intriguing;

And the noble PATRICIANS Brib'd, Bribing and Briguing:

Solemn SAGES deep read in the Magic of *Cook*, 115

Who confound ev'ry Sense by explaining his Book:

In the Grant made to *Adam* would find out a Flaw,

And amend the great *Fiat* — according to Law.

Ev'ry Belle he surveys gives the God new Delight,

And inclines him to stay in the Castle all Night.

When, to others unseen, roguish *Cupid* he spies, 120

Shooting Arrows at random from *Clara's* bright eyes:

Rigid Dame! whom his Youth, nor his Voice might persuade,

By her Conquests unmov'd, or the Wounds she had made.

Hard the Fate of a Lover! Winds temper the Heat; 125

And how soon is our Hunger appeas'd, if we eat!

Water quenches the Thirst: Wine our Cares will remove:

But, alas! Love is only extinguish'd by Love.

Well experienc'd the God to secure his own Heart,

Left again he be *Daphne'd*, resolves to depart: 130

And in Night-Scenes intent to acquire more knowledge,

He will see how these Hours are employ'd in the College.

He had heard of hard Students destroy'd by Night-

Damps;

And some Authors had read, who smelt strong of the

Lamps.

But retiring in haste, when they open'd the Ball, 135

In the Guard Room he jostled Sir *Mars* and old *Vol.*

And by Contact one God can distinguish another;

As a learned Free-Mason discovers a Brother.

Now Sir *Mars* and old *Vol* (who had oft been forgiven)
 For repeated Offences were exil'd from Heaven. 140
 On the Earth for some Ages condemn'd to abide,
 And imbodied as Mortals, in Flesh to be try'd.
 Casuistical Sages have offer'd great Odds,
 That they ne'er will return to th' Assembly of Gods.
 But Inquiries sublime, so far out of thy reach, 145
 O! my Muse leave to Clerks, who are skilful to preach:
 And proceed now to say, How polite the *Sun's* Greeting!
 How rejoic'd the *Veiovites* at such a Chance-Meeting!!

Mars

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 139. Now Sir *Mars*
 and old *Vol*, &c.

Tandem, sæpius cum peccassent,
Vol & *Mavors* exulassent.

Mr. *Sebeffer* does not any where mention the Crimes for which *Vol* and *Mars* were banish'd from Heaven. But in the following Lines he insinuates, tho' with great Modesty, that they have scarce any chance to return thither.

Ver. 147. — How polite the
Sun's Greeting! &c.

Salutat quàm benignè Sol!
 Exultat *Veiovisque* Prol-
 -es. Venator dixit *Senex*,
 Brevem præbeat tibi *Phoenix*
Cœnam, *Phoebe*.

Thus it is in *Grierson's* Edition. But in the *Amsterdam* Copy I find this Passage, as follows,

O quàm cultum xaĩs Solis!
Veiovis dum gaudet Proles.
 Incipit Venator *Senex*,
 Præbeat *Cœnam* tibi *Phoenix*,
Phoebe, brevem!

Here

Mars invited the Stranger to sup in the Park.

'Tis too far (quoth the *Collier*) too late and too dark. 150

For the Purpose what Place is so fit as a Tavern?

And without more ado he led on to the Cavern,

Where he often vouchsafes with his *Trulla* to dine;

And where Nectar surpassing, he promis'd old Wine.

Now the Supper bespoke, the *Trium-dei* fate; 155

Mars began to ask Questions concerning the State.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Here Mr. *Scheffer* calls his two Heroes, *Mars* and *Vol*, *Vejovis Proles*, the Offspring of *Vejupiter* or *Bad Jupiter*, a God whom the ancient *Romans* worshipped, not out of Hopes of any favour, but as the *American Indians* are said to worship the Devil, that he might do 'em no Mischief. Mr. *Wetstein* is of opinion, that our Author, by this Appellation wou'd insinuate the ill Qualities of his Heroes, and that they delighted in doing Mischief to all Persons, who had the Misfortune to be within their reach. *Phoenix* is the Name of the King's Park near *Dublin*.

Ver. 151. — *What Place is so fit as a Tavern, &c.*

Jam migremus in Tabernam, Dixit. Duxit ad Cavernam; Sæpius ubi assumfitque

Vol Convivam, inquit Trullam suam —

There is a little obscure Tavern in *Dublin*, call'd *Vol's Hole*. To this Place, while he was Surintendant of the *Irish Finances*, he was frequently wont to retire, in order to relax his Mind, and to solace with the Mud-Nymphs of *Liffy*. *Trulla*, a famous Mud-Nymph, *Vol's* favourite Mistress.

Ver. 156. *Mars began to ask Questions, &c.*

Multa super Jove Mavors Rogitabat.

Mars, after his Fall, set up for a Politician, and pretended to understand the Constitution and true Interest of all Nations better than any Man living.

“ Who has now the Ascendant in *Jupiter's* House?

Does the Monarch grow old, and submit to his Spouse?

Who is most in his Favour, young *Ganny* or *Hebe*?

Has he found a fit Match for his Daughter Miss *Phæbe*? 160

Are your Triple Alliances like to stand good?

Are the *Titan* Pretenders yet wholly subdu'd?

Are

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 159. *Who is most in his Favour, &c.*

Ardet Pater
Trois Filium, five Heben?
Stabili conjugio Phœben
Adhuc junxit?

Young Ganny.] *Ganimedes* the Son of *Tros*, King of *Troy*. *Jupiter* having transform'd himself into an Eagle, seiz'd little *Ganimede* and carried him into Heaven, where he promoted him to be his Cupbearer. *Hebe* likewise serv'd him in the same Quality. She was his Daughter, and a Girl of an extraordinary Beauty. The Ancients worship'd *Hebe* as the Goddess of Youth. *Val* had formerly been Cupbearer to *Jupiter*, but was disgrac'd to make room for *Ganimede*. The *Irish* Chronologists may from hence be able to fix the time, when our black Hero first began to play his Tricks, and lose the Favour of the Gods; for 'tis now more than 2500 Years since the Rape of *Ganimede*.

Phæbe, called also *Diana*, *Luna*, *Cynthia*, &c. the Daughter of *Jupiter*, and

the Sister of the *Sun*. Tho' she was demanded in Marriage by many of the greater Gods, yet she refus'd to change her Condition, and chose to live for ever in a State of Virginity. But see what is said of her by *Mars*. Book II. Ver. 25.

Ver. 161. *Are your triple Alliances, &c.*

An firmatum Triplex Fœdus?

Our Author here means the Original League and Compact between *Jupiter*, *Neptune* and *Pluto*, which they enter'd into for the better ordering and directing the Affairs of this nether World.

Ver. 162. *Are the Titan Pretenders, &c.*

Titania pubes —
Victa cessit?

Titan was the Son of *Cælus* and *Terra*. He was excluded from his Birthright by his younger Brother *Saturn*, and when afterwards

Was there not a new Star very lately call'd forth?

For methinks I espy a young Bear in the North.

Can you tell a new Tale of a *Jove*-Transformation? 165

Or Intriguing that way, is it grown out of Fashion?

Modern Spinsters experienc'd in all Masquerade,

Will no more by a Bull or a Swan be betray'd.

But resistless the Power, tho' the Figure be old,

Which addresses the Dame in a Shower of Gold." 170

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

afterwards he made an Attempt to recover his Kingdom, he was defeated by *Jupiter*, who immediately after his Victory, made all the Gods swear Fidelity to him to confirm his Usurpation, and prevent any Danger from the Race of the *Titans*.

Ver. 164. *For methinks I espy
a young Bear, &c.*

Nam Arctoi Poli Ursam
Tertiam vidi.

There are two Constellations of Stars called the Greater and the Lesser Bear. *Mars* pretended to have discovered a new Star, which he call'd the *Young Bear*. But I am inclin'd to think this Expression is to be understood literally, and that *Mars* intends it as a Compliment to some great Prince or Princess of the North.

Ver. 165. *Can you tell a new
Tale of a Jove, &c.*

Quid de Jove fecit amor, &c.

Jupiter deceiv'd *Europa* in the Shape of a Bull, *Leda* in the Shape of a Swan, and fell into *Danaë's* Bosom in a Shower of Gold. But I am not of opinion with Sir *Mars*, says my Countryman *Tir-Oen*, that this last Stratagem will always succeed. Tho' I must allow, that his Godship forms his Judgment by his own Experience, since he always practis'd the Method, which he recommends, with so much Success, that at length he had not Gold enough left to purchase a little *Irish* Harlot — His Words are, *Nec habet quod det Meretriculae Hibernicae auro mercabili.*

He

He proceeds next enquiring, "What Gods are assign'd
 To be Tutelars here, and to govern Mankind?
 Are our Kindred intent to preserve, and destroy
 Mighty Kings, and their Kingdoms, as whilom at *Troy*?
 Who has ta'en from the *Persian* Usurper his Trophies? 175
 Who so kind to restore the old Race of the *Sophies*?
 Who so wide has extended the *Austr'an* Domain?
 Who instructed in King-craft the Donna of *Spain*?
 Who permitted the *Romans* to Fawn and Deceive?
 Who has fix'd the light *Gaul*, and has taught him to
 weave? 180
 Who bestow'd on *Britannia* so potent a Fleet?
 Why so fearless her Sons — but unskilful to Treat?
 Have the *Dutch* any Gods? or — perhaps they don't want 'em,
 Since so faithful are found the good Pagods of *Bantam*?
 Why are Men of *Ierne* depriv'd of all Trade; 185
 Nor a Patron allow'd, but the Saint they have made;
 Who

Who is ever controul'd by the Speech of Vice-King;
 Nor has yet obtain'd leave to restore his own Spring?
 Ah! if thus ye reject your own Peoples Complaints,
 And to Mortals subject the good *Lares* and Saints: 190
 Even Pro-Excellencies will rule us with Rods,
 And your Viceroys will fancy, that they are Vice-Gods."
 Unconcern'd, as unactive in War, or in Peace,
 (So the Danger's remote, and himself is at Ease,)
 Heavy *Vol*, looking wisely, then casting side-leer, 195
 Only ask'd a few Questions, but all with a Sneer.

Who

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 187. *Who is ever controul'd, &c.*

In Magistri verba Jussus

Divus pauper heu! jurare,
 Nescit Fontem restaurare.

In the Dutch Edition you read *Fontem restaurare*, to recall his Spring. *St. Patrick's Well* in *Dublin* was famous for its excellent Water. And great Numbers of Pilgrims resorted thither every Year. But some little time before *Mr. Scheffer* wrote his Poem, this Spring of a sudden became

dry, and has not since been recovered. It cannot however, with any Colour of Reason, be pretended, that this Misfortune was owing to the Tyranny and Oppression of the Government, as *Sir Mars* here insinuates.

Ver. 195. *Heavy Vol looking wisely, &c.*

Ore, Vultu Philosophum
 Vol mentitur, &c.

Vol had an absolute Command of the Muscles of his Face, and cou'd form his Countenance to express any Passion or Character he thought fit to assume. He cou'd

“ Who above are your Smiths? Are they Drunkards or
Fools,

Who usurping my Forges, have spoil'd all my Tools?]

How dishonour'd is *Jove* by their Bungling and Blunders?

For the Darts, that fall here, are but second-rate Thunders.

200

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

cou'd put on the Face of Business and Authority, of Indolence and Pleasure, as it suited his Design or Inclination. To the Companions of his idle Hours he appear'd a Buffoon. Among the Mud-Nymphs of *Liffy*, or the Mountain-Nymphs of *Wicklow* he wore the Aspect of a Satyr. In his Glass-House or Colliery he always look'd like a busy Philosopher. In the Presence of the Lord Lieutenant or Lords Justices he always look'd like a Fool. And I remember to have heard the following Epigram on occasion of his being first introduced to the D. of O. by Sir *Mars*, who was at that time a great Favourite at Court.

If your Grace it may please!
I present you a Smith, who was ten years
at School:
He's a very wise Man, tho' he looks like
a Fool.
And (rejoin'd the rough Kern) all allow,
who have seen us,
It is this, my good Lord, makes the Dif-
ference between us.

Tir-Oen says, that *Vol* had naturally a grave, philosophical, unmeaning Countenance. *Mr. Cuper*, in his Dissertation de *Imagine Volcani Hibernici*, asserts, that *Vol's* natural Face or Look was unmeaning; but insists that his Gravity was affected.

Vol est *videri* *Gravis*, et *est* *Gravis*.
Cup. Dissert. Crit.

But, however he look'd, it is most certain, that *Vol* was a very shrewd, cunning Fellow. The Repartee above mention'd, upon his being presented to the D. of O. is a sufficient Proof of his Wit — and how cou'd he want Understanding, who was able to cheat a whole Nation?

Ver. 197. *Who above are your*
Smiths, &c.

Quinam Fabri! &c.

It must be allow'd, that *Vol* was a most excellent Mechanick, and finish'd his Work with so much Art and Dexterity, as never to be equal'd by any of his Successors. It wou'd not be possible to recount the various Instruments, Implements, Utensils, Tools, Arms, Toys, as Swords, Bucklers, Thunderbolts, Thimbles, Bracelets, Crooks, Hooks, Houses, Helmets, Spears, Kettles, Pots, Cups, Tripods, Chains, Chariots, Crowns, Rattles, Scepters, Dogs, Men, Women, &c. which *Vol* had made for the use of the other Gods, or for Presents to such Heroes as he favour'd. But if the Reader is curious to be more particularly inform'd, let him consult *Franciscus Junius de Pictura Veterum*, and his Catalogue of Mechanicks, among whom he will find Master *Vol* making a very considerable Figure.

When

When our Brother *Mars* bellows, more dreadful the Voice!

And when *Elrington* thunders, he makes as much Noise!

Proper Weapons can such Operators devise

For the Blue-ey'd Virago, so curious and nice?

I'm assur'd, that the *Ægis* is cover'd with Rust, 205

That the *Gorgon's* Head now only serves for a Bust.

Vol is gone, and there is not another has Skill

To restore the dire Look, and a Power to kill!

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 201. *When our Brother
Mars bellows, &c.*

Tua,

O Zivæ, cedunt Tonitrua
Marti nostro reboanti;
Elringtono intonanti.

'Tis no wonder, that the Voice of Sir *Mars* should be more terrible than Thunder, since we are assured by *Homer*, that when our Hero was wounded by *Diomed*, he roar'd so loud, that the Sound of his Voice reach'd to the Heavens, and made the stoutest Warriors tremble.

ὁ δ' ἱβρακε χαλκῆτος Ἄρης
ὄρεον τ' ἰνιάχουσι βλάχον ἢ δυνάχουσι, &c.

*Mars bellows with the Pain,
Loud as the Roar encountering Armies yield,
When shooting Millions shake the thun-
d'ring Field.*

*Both Armies start, and trembling gaze
around,
And Earth and Heaven rebellow to the
Sound.*

Pope.

Elringtono Intonanti. Mr. *Thomas Elrington* was a famous Actor, and had the Direction of the *Dublin Theatre*. 'Tis said, that *Vol* was his Thunder-maker.

V. 203. *Proper Weapons, &c.*

Frustra jam Γλαυκῶπι, petit
Arma Virgo.

Glaucois is a Name given to *Pallas* or *Minerva*. See the Note on Ver. 73. B. II.

Ver. 205. — *the Ægis, &c.*
Ægidaque, &c.

The *Ægis* was the Shield of *Pallas*, on which she carried the Head of *Medusa*, one of the *Gorgons*.

*Ægidaque horrifera turbata Palladis
arma.* Virg.

The *Gorgon's* Head turn'd all Persons who look'd on it into Stone.

Who

But for thee, my good *Phœbus*, is chiefly my Care,

Who thy Axle can mend when 'tis out of Repair? 210

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 210. *Who thy Axle can mend, &c.*

*From place to place, around the blest abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the Buck of Gods.
Pope.*

*Vestrum, Vitium cum se-
ce-rit,
Axem quis restitui-erit?*

Father *Vol* made the Golden Chariot of the Sun, and always kept it in good Repair to the Day of his Exile. The Axle and Wheels of this Glorious Vehicle are recorded his Master-piece by all the old Poets and Mythologists. But I have been well inform'd by some intelligent Mechanicks, that he hath lately out-done himself, having made an Axle and Pair of Wheels for the Lord Viscount *A.* which will draw the greatest Weight without the Assistance of Men, Horses, Oxen, Asses, &c. and in every other respect excel the former.

This excellent Machine may not improperly be here produc'd to vindicate that famous Passage in the eighteenth Book of the *Iliad* (for which the old Bard has been so severely rallied by the Criticks) where our *Vol* is said to have made for the use of his own House twenty Tripods that wou'd move of themselves from place to place, and go and come as they were ordered.

Τρίποδας γὰρ εἰκόσι πάντας ἐποίησεν
ἑσάμηναι περὶ τοῖχον εὐσεβέος μεγάροιο.
Χρυσέα δὲ σφ' ὑπὸ κύκλῳ ἐκείῳ προβήνι,
δύω.
Ὅσα δὲ αὐτόματι δύνει δύσαίαν' ἀγῶνα
Ἡδ' αὐτίς πρὸς δῶμα νοέατο, δαῖμα ἰδίσθα.

Full twenty Tripods for his Hall he fram'd,
That plac'd on living Wheels of massy Gold,
(Wond'rous to tell) inspir'd with Spirit
roll'd

Aristotle makes mention of these Tripods in his *Politicks*, Lib. 1. Cap. 4. and seems to give Credit to the Poet's Relation. And I am confident no body will doubt the Truth of it, who has had the Curiosity to survey Lord *A.*'s Carriage. For if *Vol* in his State of Humanity, while he is accounted nothing more than a simple Projector, can invent such a useful Machine, which has not only the Power of Self-moving, but which will likewise carry or draw twenty or thirty Tun weight from one Town to another, shall we doubt, when he was of the Number of the Gods, whether he could make a few Joint-stools run upon Wheels about his Hall? Which indeed is no more than any English Juggler wou'd undertake to do; and much less than *Harlequin Faustus* has frequently perform'd without any Toil or Labour to the great Satisfaction of the Spectators. — A little after this Account of the Tripods, *Homer* relates (and by the way 'tis a much more incredible Story, however it has escap'd the Censure of the Criticks) how *Vol*, as he walked in to pay his Respects to *Thetis*, was supported by two Female Statues of Gold, which were likewise automaton, and moreover were endu'd with Speech and Understanding. As he has constantly affected since his Fall to approve himself as great an Artist as he appear'd above; so, to resemble his *Homeric* Supporters, he made half a dozen Statues of the same Metal, while he was Treasurer of Ireland, which, to his great Comfort, are still in his Custody. He prudently forbore to give 'em Speech and Motion, lest they should tell Tales, or run away.

Much

Much I fear, that the Work is but wretchedly done:

For I've lately remark'd many Spots in the Sun.

For the rest — If you mind our Affairs here below,

Or to Chance leave the World, I'm not curious to know.

This I know, as *Mars* hinted, all Nations complain, 215

That ye seldom are present, where Lieutenants reign.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 212. *For I've lately remark'd, &c.*

Corpus tuum Gloriosum
Modo Vidi Maculosum
Opacumque.

Modern Astronomers have observ'd certain opacous and shady Masses, which sometimes appear sticking to the Sun's Body. Their various Figures and Motions may likewise be discern'd by a Telescope. *Vol's* Remark therefore is certainly just. But whether this Defect in the Sun is to be imputed to the Unskilfulness of *Vol's* Successors, I will not undertake upon me to determine.

Ver. 213. — *If you mind our Affairs, &c.*

Terras, Superi, curatis
An Mortalia cuncta Fatis
Jam permisistis; ædopol
Inter-est parum Scire Vol.

Scio tamen, fit Britannus,
Turcicusve, est Tyrannus
Quisque Prorex.
Minor similis Majori,
Veniens similis Priori:
Regnet Alter — ac per Fidem
Alter erit semper Idem.

It cannot pass unobserv'd with what Disrespect both *Sir Mars* and *Vol* speak of the *Irish* Government and the Administration of Viceroys. But their Invectives must be ascrib'd to their Want of Power, and the several Repulses which they receiv'd in the Reign of Lord C*** who overlook'd the R—ger's Pretensions, and detected *Vol's* Peculation. *Mr. Scheffer* always makes honourable mention of this Viceroy, as may be remark'd Ver. 207 of this Book, but more particularly hereafter in the Episode of the *Gridiron*. Lord C*** was a Person of great Sagacity and Application. He had a perfect Knowledge of the World, and was an excellent Judge of Men, and of all Beings who appear'd in the Form of Men.

Little differs their Rule in the East or the West:

Whether Bashaw or Viceroy — the Subject's oppress:

And the Gods in their Wrath never yet made two Things,
That are so much alike as two Deputy —” 220

Thus the *Collier*. But *Phœbus*, unapt to disclose
The *Arcana* of Heaven, or enlighten *Jove's* Foes,

Here observ'd the wise Rule of Political Men,

And reply'd to their Questions, by Asking agen;

“ How they far'd in flesh-clothing, and how at such di-
stance, 225

By the Gods unassisted, they got a Subsistence?

Are the Dons of *Ierne* averse to a Stranger?

Is the Warrior disarm'd, and but only a R—ger?

Still Unpension'd art thou forc'd to drudge in a Hole,

Or to melt down old Bottles, or mete out bad Coal? 230

I surmise things go ill, if 'tis lawful to guess,

By the Plight of your Bodies, Attendants, and Dress.

And a dear-bought Experience has taught me to know,

Tho' Divine are our Talents, they're useless below.

We are only rais'd high, that our Fall may be greater: 235

And a God in Disgrace is a very poor Creature.

For my Wisdom so fam'd, and so tuneful a Bard,

Was not I once reduc'd to a simple Cow-herd?

Nor my Temples or Priests might a Refuge afford:

For my Living I work'd, where I then was ador'd." 240

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 235 — *that our Fall may be greater,*

And a God in Disgrace, &c.

*Lapsu graviore ruit
Hic, qui modo Deus fuit.*

Tolluntur in altum

Uti lapsu graviore ruant. Claudian.

Such is frequently the Fate of Tyrants and Great Ministers, who aspire to Sovereign Power. The Loss of their Authority, their Wealth and Honours is a sufficient Punishment, tho' their Fall be attended with no worse Circumstances. Devils need no other Torment than their own Reflections. Vol was a fallen Spirit, and a disgrac'd Minister. Thus Mr. Wetstein. But my Countryman Tir-Oen, who was better acquainted with Vol's Circumstances and the Frame of his Mind, makes a different Remark, *Spoliatorem istum nihil Infamia terret. Salvis nummis fruitur*

Carcera. "That Plunderer (meaning Vol) contains his Infamy, keeps his Money and enjoys his Prison. Tir-Oen, Com.

Ver. 238. *Was not I, &c.*

Ille Ego, &c.

Apollo destroy'd all the Cyclopes to revenge the Death of his Son *Æsculapius*: for which Fact he was banished from Heaven, depriv'd of his Divinity, and expos'd to the Calamities of the World. In this Distress he put himself into the Service of *Admetus*, King of *Thessaly*, and look'd after his Cattle for a Livelihood. But his Conduct and Behaviour on Earth was so pleasing to all the Gods, that in the ninth Year of his Exile *Jupiter* recall'd him to Heaven, and restor'd him to all his former Offices and Honours. Happy had it been for Vol and Sir *Mary*, says Mr. *Wetstein*, if they had follow'd this great Example.

E

Vol

Vol observing the Knight eat his Nails, and grow pale,
 (Ugly Omen! Prefage of a long winded Tale!)
 Sudden answer'd: "Tho now my good Brother looks mean,
 Pray review him to-morrow array'd in his Green;
 When he mounts the Pad-Nag, and assumes a new Grace;
 When he rides (how undaunted!) directing the Chase:
 Thus acquiring at Seventy more Honour unsought,
 Than he got by his Battles, — tho' furious he fought.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 241. Vol observing the
 Knight eat, &c.

Pallidus, nec huic applodens,
 (Dirum Omen!) Ungues rodens
 Dum Sermonem meditatur
 Longum Mavors, raptim fatur
 Senex Vol.

Mars, as Mr. *Wetstein* observes on this Place, was the most noisy and most ignorant of all the Gods. When *Pallas* speaks to him in *Homer*, she calls him *Mavrius*, *spivus* ἰός, Fool and Madman. And thro' the whole *Iliad* the Poet is careful never to mention his Name without an Epithet denoting his Impetuosity and Want of common Sense. Before his Fall, tho' he spoke very loud, he spoke but little. But after he became insufferably talkative. If he was ask'd a common Question he always prefac'd his Answer with a long Story full

of Invectives, Egotisms, unmeaning Parentheses and French Proverbs. Vol, who was sensible of his Brother's Infirmities, kindly endeavours to conceal 'em by replying for him, just as he saw him ready to break out. However we shall find, that the Warrior had his Share in the Conversation, before they parted.

Ver. 245. When he mounts
 the Pad-Nag, &c.

Cum ascendat mox Equulum.

Equulus is what the Spaniards call *Pequenno Cavallo*, and the Italians, *Cavalino*. *Tir-Oen* says, that he had frequently hunted with Sir *Mars*, who for his own Security was always mounted on a little Pad. I don't see how this is to be reconcil'd with the following Verse, where he is commended for riding boldly.

He

He has now slung his Arms — and his Pension is scant:

Yet so wide his Domain, that he never can want. 250

To his Office appendant are delicate Fees;

And he sits, the Chief *Umbra*, at Feasts of Grandees.

As for me — Had *Apollo* consulted his Books;

Wou'd he judge an old Smith by his Habit and Looks?

Ought a Wight, who is Banish'd, to make a fine Shew? 255

Who above wou'd contain to see *Volcan* a Beau?

Yet

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 249. *He has now slung
his Arms, &c.*

*Semper Mars Umbrarum u-
nus, &c.*

Suspendisse Arma gaudet.

It was customary for the *Roman* Gentle-
men, when they were invited to a Dinner or
Supper to carry with them one or two
Persons, who were call'd their *Umbrae* or
Shadows. And there was always room al-
low'd at every great Table for such unin-
vited Guests. Thus *Horace*, when he in-
vites *Torquatus* to sup with him, having
named the rest of the Company, adds,

He rejoices that he has hung up his Arms.
When the *Romans* were past their
Labour, and had left the military Service,
they hung up their Arms in the Temples.

*Vejanius Armi
Herculis ad postem fixis.*

Hor. Ep. 2. L. 1.

Locus est & pluribus Umbris.

So likewise, when they left off any o-
ther Trade or Art which they had pro-
fess'd, they consecrated the Instruments of
the same to some God.

The Followers of great Families in *Ire-
land* are a Species of Men not unlike the
Roman Umbrae.

Ver. 252. *And he sits the Chief
Umbra, &c.*

Ver. 256. *Who above wou'd
contain, &c.*

Yet allow to my Labours the Honour, that's due:

If I melt down old Bottles, I likewise make new.

Be the Metal despis'd, yet I cause it to pass;

And for Silver and Gold I can barter my Glafs. 260

If the Fuel is bad, which my Coal-Mine produces,

It is sold at low rates, and it serves for all Uses.

Lo! the great Legislators encourage my Trade;

And remember no more the Misreck'nings I made.

While the Holyday Youths my Volcanos admire, 265

And unknowing confess me the Father of Fire.

Thus

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Vol si comptum Videatis,
Risum, Dei, teneatis?

Oblitusque nunc Senatus
Bonus nostri Peculatus.

Vol was always dirty and very negligent in his Dress, and even at Court he appear'd like Himself. So that you wou'd at first Sight conclude, He work'd at the Anvil, or liv'd in a Glafs-House.

Ver. 263. *Lo! the great Legislators, &c.*

Legum Inclyti Latores
Nostros adjuvant Labores.

The House of Commons have frequently given large Sums of Money for the Encouragement of the *Irish* Colliery, of which Father *Vol* had the chief Direction. And tho' some Members have now and then threaten'd to call him to Account for his Embezzlement of the Publick Treasure, yet he has always had the Cunning and Address to divert a Parliamentary Enquiry.

Ver. 265. — *my Volcanos*
admire, &c.

Ignis

Thus among the Sicilians, when first I appear'd;
Ere the Mountain had flam'd, or my Thunder was
heard;

'Twas in vain to insist, that in Heav'n I was born;
For they call'd me lame Tinker, and laugh'd me to
Scorn:

270

When I open'd my Shop, tho' my Figure is odd,
And my Voice so uncouth, they believ'd me a God.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ignis Emirantur Domum;
Me agnoscunt Ignivomum
Patrem omnes.

Mr. Wetstein will have *Ignivomum* to signify a Fire-eater. *Qui candentes carbonem comedit, et Ignem vomit Præstigiatoris subdoli more.* Wetstein. Dissertat.

But with Submission to this learned Critic, I cannot comprehend how the Character of a Fire-eater wou'd heighten *Vol's* Reputation, as seems to be the Intention of the Poet. I make no Question, but that *Vol*, who had liv'd in Fire and Smoke all his Life, cou'd eat and digest it too much better than any of his Co-temporaries. But I am well assured, he thought this a Business much beneath the Dignity of his Profession, and not to be practis'd but on extraordinary Occasions;

as when at some great Entertainment he acted the part of a Buffoon, &c. I therefore retain my own Version, *The Father of Fire*, which I think is evidently Mr. Scheffer's Meaning. - Mr. Cuper, in his Epistle de *Ædibus Volcani juxta portum Eblanæ conditis*, makes use of this Epithet to commend *Vol's* Glass-House.

Sistum, Turba audax, populis infensa
*Cavanni

Mirati Artifices, Ignivomamque Domum.

Jupiter ipse novas nescit compellere Nubes;
Nec Sol Volcani clarior igne micat.

Here stop the saucy Cavan Crowds;
Vol and his Burning-House admire.
You know not to compel such Clouds,
Nor can the Sun surpass this Fire.

*Cavanni were a Mob, who call'd themselves the Cavan Bail, and committed daily Villanies in the Streets of Dublin.

But a serious Discourse, since we meet to carouse,
 Will defeat our Design, and disparage the House :
 Nor ought I, in the Prefence of *Phæbus*, to boast." 275
 So he fill'd up his Glass, and demanded a **TOAST**.

THE

THE
TOAST.
BOOK THE SECOND.

HAD I Mouths a whole Hundred, an Hundred
loud Tongues,

Or the Voice of the *Warrior*, or *Vol's* Iron Lungs;

Yet I could not unerring the Beauties recite,

Who in Bumpers were crown'd — happy Toasts of this
Night.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Had I Mouths, &c.*

Non si mihi centum ora,
Linguae centum, vox Sonora
Martis, Volcanique Ferrea, &c.

*Non mihi si linguae centum sint, oraque
centum
Ferrea Vox. Virg.*

Ferrea is an Epithet very properly applied in this place. 'Tis not to be doubted, but that *Vol* had excellent good Lungs, since they had endur'd the Smoak of Sea-coal Fires for so many Ages. The Sonorous Voice of the Warrior (*Sir Mars*) is describ'd before, *Ver.* 201. of the First Book.

They began (as 'twas meet) with the Household of *Jove*; 5
With the Goddesses all, and Court Ladies above.

But they Hail'd the great Queen, who gives Charms to
the rest,

Of all Beings Herself still the Fairest confest.

Then to *Thetis* they fill'd, and the Nymphs of her Train,

Who enchant with their Voices, and smooth the rough
Main; 10

Merry *Nereids*, by *Venus* well fashion'd to please:

For the Goddess remembers, she sprung from the Seas.

Next are Toasted the *Naiads*, who murmuring glide,

Or the Rivers roll rapid, where Urn Gods reside.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 5. *They began (as 'twas meet) with the Household, &c.*

*Principium Di a Jovis Domo,
Ut fas erat, &c.*

The Poet opens this Book by enumerating the various Orders of the Toasts. The greater Goddesses are nam'd first, among

whom *Venus* is particularly distinguish'd. *Thetis* and her *Nereids* or Sea-nymphs form the second Class. To these succeed the *Naiads* or River-Nymphs. Then the *Hamadryads* or Wood-Nymphs. Next the *Silphs*, or the little Spirits of the Air. Then the nine Muses, and the three Graces, and all their Maids of Honour, who were young and handsome, and well-shap'd.

Then the tall *Hamadryads*, who sport in the Groves: 15

Nor the Eyes of the Sun may discover their Loves.

Then the little bright *Donnas*, who flit thro' the Air:

Not a *Silph* was forgot, who was deem'd to be fair.

Then in order they drink all the *Muses* and *Graces*,

And the Dames of their Court, who had Shapes and young

Faces.

20

A Dispute here arose, if they shou'd not pass by

All the Virgins of *Vesta*, and Damsels of *Dy*;

Of a Converse too chaste to allow a small Hint;

Who wou'd kill a poor Man but for looking askint.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 22. *All the Virgins of Vesta and, &c.*

Vestam, *Virginesque Vestæ*,
Dianæque Nymphas, &c.

Vesta was the Daughter of *Saturn* by his Wife *Rhea*. This Goddess was a Virgin, and so great an Admirer of that Title, that when her Brother *Jupiter* gave her the Liberty of asking whatever she pleas'd, she made it her Request, that she might ever preserve her Virginity.

Diana, the Sister of *Phœbus*. She was also call'd *Luna* and *Hecate*. She was re-

puted the Goddess of Chastity, and abhor'd the Conversation and Sight of Men. *Actæon*, the Son of *Arctius*, for imprudently looking on her, while she was bathing in a Fountain, was chang'd into a Stag, and torn in pieces by his own Dogs. And 'tis this Fable, which the Poet alludes to in the next Lines.

Occidetur
Si transversa quis tuetur.

*Who wou'd kill a poor Man,
but for looking askint.*

But

But the Doubt was soon clear'd. *Mars* swore they were

Prudes ;

25

Nor so squeamish were found, when alone in the Woods :

That he knew, the pale Goddess, so modest, and nice,

Ev'ry Night to *Endymion* stole down in Disguise.

Thus the merry Gods quaff'd, much commending the

Wine ;

And debating with Freedom of Females divine.

30

Till at length having number'd high Dames of this sort all,

They vouchsafe to descend unto Toasts, who are Mortal.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 25. — Mars swore they were *Prudes*, &c.

Per Deos omnes, ait Mars,
Fœminea semper hæc est ars
Pudicitiam simulare.

An erubuit amare,
Quæ Sylvarum est Incola,
Nympha, Si cum Solo Sola?
Phœbi Pallidæ Sororis
Castæ licet, quis Amores
Nocturnos nescit?

Quoties rejicit furtiva
Se in gremium tuum Diva,
O Endymion ?

The Sister of *Phœbus*, notwithstanding her pretended Aversion to the Gods and Men had a Gallant, whose Name was *Endymion*, of whom she was so passionately fond, that she descended every Night out of Heaven, and met him on *Latmos* a Mountain in *Caria*.

*Nudus & Endymion Phœbi cepisse Sororem
Dicitur, & nudæ concubuisse Dææ.*

But Mr. *Wesslin* tells us, This was a Calumny invented by *Mars*, who had a natural Antipathy to a virtuous Woman or a Learned Man: That *Endymion* was a great Astronomer, who first describ'd the Course of the Moon, and the Planetary Motions ; and had his Observatory on the Mountain *Latmos*,

For

For (as *Ovid* records) they are often so good,
To impress their own Image on plain Flesh and Blood.
O'er the Earth they range wide, ev'ry Country and Town;
All Assemblies and Temples, and Baths of Renown ; 35
Great Seraglios, ungallant, impervious Abodes,
For a Tyrant reserv'd—or invifible Gods;
Where the Flowers of Beauty ungather'd decay,
And the Fairest of Mortals are kill'd by delay ; 40
Or alas ! With one Man Joys indelicate prove,
Unexperienc'd in Friendship, unpraetis'd in Love,
But the Topers dwell long in the Courts of the West ;
Which are facred to *Venus*, by *Venus* are blest,
Here her Younker his Train of Artillery brings, 45
To demolish the Pride of uncircumcis'd Kings ;
Nor is Youth unemploy'd, nor of Beauty is waste,
Nor are here Great Sultanas compell'd to be Chaste,

Thus

Thus enquiring they Toasted all Names, they could
hit on,

From remotest *Japan* to the Isles of *Great Britain*. 50

And as dignify'd thus were the Daughters of Earth,

So the Gods they inspir'd, and enliven'd their Mirth.

But unjustly left proud Hypercriticks accuse,

Or Untruths indecorous impute to the Muse;

(For so much cou'd three Gods; or for Gods was it
fitting, 55

Thus to drink all the Toasts of two Worlds at a sitting?)

Be my Patrons absolv'd; yet my Song be unfeign'd,

While *Calliope* tells, how their Choice was restrain'd.

With unanimous Voice they establish'd this Rule,

To allow of no Beauty, which cover'd a Fool: 60

Yet so carnal were minded no Dame to admit,

Who was only adorn'd with the Charms of her Wit,

They

They excepted all Blacks, as offending the Sight;

And no Wonder, since Females Divine are all White:

All with *Austrian-made* Lips, Shapes and Udders

Teutonic,

65

Noses Flat, or high-*Roman*, Chins Downy or Conic,

Danish Legs, and *Dutch* Feet; (such howe'er wou'd not
please,

As are moulded by Nurse for the noble *Chinese* :)

All above *Venus* Standard, and all under Size:

All who wore yellow Locks, or who wanted black
Eyes.

70

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 68. *As are moulded, &c.*

Pedes haud Mandarinorum
Filiarum seu Uxorum,
Dis placere. —

The Wives and Daughters of the *Chinese*
Mandarin have such small Legs and Feet,
that they are not able to support the

Weight of their Bodies. This is an essential Mark of their Nobility. For that reason they are constantly kept swathed all the time they are growing, so that when a Woman of Quality is married, those Parts are little bigger than they were when she was born. The curious Reader may see a *Chinese* Slipper in the *Oxford Museum*, or in the Cabinet of Sir *Hans Sloan*, and other great *Virtuosos*.

Hence

Hence infer, ye old Bards, that your Strokes are too
bold,

Which have drawn the fair *Paphian* with Tresses of Gold.

Nor is *Homer's* Report of *Minerva* more true,

That her Eyes, which contended for Beauty, are Blue.

They excepted more justly all Nations of *Pists*, 75

Who supply by Machin'ry their various Defects.

Not a Counterfeit Belle cou'd their prying escape,

Who had made a new Face, or had mended her Shape.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 72 — the fair *Paphian* with Tresses, &c.

Vos, qui dixtis Auricomam
Reginam Paphi—

Paphos was a City of *Cyprus*, now call'd *Baffo*, where *Venus* had a famous Temple, and from whence she took this Title.

Ver. 73. Nor is *Homer's* Report, &c.

Irridet Deos,
Palladi cum Cærule-os
Dat Ocellos, Mæonides.
Nec sit Vati ulla Fides !

Γλαυκῶντις (*cæruleos habens oculos*) the *Homerian* Name of *Pallas* or *Minerva* has generally been translated *Blue-eyed*, and so I have rendered it above, Ver. 203. L. I. as well as in this Place. But *Γλαυκῶντις* properly signifies a Person who has Grey or Greenish Eyes. And upon second Thoughts I wou'd rather, that my Version of this Passage should run thus.

Nor believe ye, whate'er Father *Homer*
may say,
That the Eyes of Bright *Pallas* were
Greenish or Grey.

I am the more inclin'd to this Opinion, since I have been inform'd, that some *European* Nations, particularly the *Portuguese*, do not esteem any Woman to be a compleat Beauty, unless she has Blue Eyes.

One was censur'd for combing her Eye-brows with Lead,
 And another for spreading a Grain of *French Red*. 80
 Little *A**, whom erst I invok'd for my Goddess,
 Now alas! was untoasted for wearing steel Bodice.

By Exceptions so nice, such severe Regulation,
 Scarce suffic'd the whole Globe for a Night's Compo-
 tation.

Tho' so cautious, their Godships, as Beauties grew scant,
 Often laps'd—but were never asham'd to recant. 85

Thus it happen'd, that *Phæbus* was so much put to it,
 He attempted to borrow a Toast from a Poet.

“ Have we so long neglected a Nymph of great Fame,
 “ Or is *Myra* forgot! Be immortal the Name! 90

“ Let

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 89. *Have we so long ne-
 glected, &c.*

Sic Potamus?
 Neque Nympham memora-
 mus, *Tad*

“ Let the Glasses resound it ! Tho’ serious he spoke,
 You’d ha’ thought *Vol* and *Mars* never heard such a
 Joke.

Follow’d such a loud Laugh, such a Hoop, and a Hollow,
 That it shook the whole House, and confounded *Apollo* :

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Tuâ quæ sonatur Lyrâ,
 Tua, O Gr—nville, Myra,
 Immortale Nomen, &c.

*A Nymph of spotless Worth and Fame,
 MYRA shall be th’ immortal Name.*

Ld. L.’s Poems.

Our Author here acknowledges to have borrow’d the Name of MYRA from Ld. L. who compos’d some amorous Verses towards the latter End of the last Century in Praise of this Lady. The lively turns, the delicate Sentiments, and all the Beauty and Elegance of the old Elegiac Poets shine in the little Pieces of this noble Author. And his *Myra* had been rank’d with the *Corinnas*, *Lesbias*, *Nearas*, &c. if *Scheffer* had not detected her Sorceries, and unveil’d the Matron in her old Age. I must not here omit to inform the English Reader of the Dispute among the Commentators concerning the Etymology of the Name of MYRA. *Tir-Oen* will have it to be the same Name with *Myrra* the Daughter of *Cynaras* King of *Cyprus*, a Woman of that inordinate Appetite, that she fell in love with her Father, and had a Son by him. Mr. *Wetstein* derives it from *Murra*, *Murena*, i. e. *Salax* & in *Venerem* *prolus*. Ο ποδὲν καὶ παῖδός καὶ μύρα οὖ. O thou Traytor, and Impastor, and O thou. who art full of Lust.

In another Place the same Commentator conjectures, that *Myra* is a Corruption of *Myrrbina* a famous Courtesan of *Athens*, who first practis’d and taught in that City *Sappho*’s Manner and the Lesbian Gambols—Mr. *Cuper* assures us, that *Myra* or *Mura* is an old Teutonic Word (deriv’d from the Latin *Murus*) signifying a Wall, a Name or Title, which the People of *Franconia* in the Reign of the famous *Pharamond* bestow’d on every tall masculine Woman among their Nobility, those especially of the *Messalina* kind. *Si sis Mura, Wirbe Wir Upbe thie Silverine were*. If she is a *Mura* (or Wall) let us work or build upon her, &c. *Westerbami Par*. This figurative Expression was us’d by the *Jesuits*, and is to be found in the Works of the best Hebrew Authors; from whom we may suppose the old Germans borrow’d it. But after all, if *Donald* the Translator may be allowed to differ from these learned Men, I shou’d think that this Name ought to be written with an (*i*) instead of a (*y*) and that it is either a Contraction of *μυρα*, which signifies Impure or Wicked, or else is the Fæminine of *Mirus*, Wonderful or Monstrous. Both these Epithets are applicable to the Character of *Scheffer*’s Heroine, and well express the Qualities of a Sorceress, or an Hermaphrodite.

So

So astounding the Roar, and their Sides were so try'd: 95

'Tis agreed, if they had not been Gods, they had dy'd.

“ Pray excuse us, quoth *Mars*: For by *Venus* bright
Eyes,

“ By the Horrors of *Styx*, you had caus'd less Surprise,

“ Had your Godship propos'd one of *Pluto's* Hag-
Ghosts:

“ Nor *Alecto* wou'd thus have dishonour'd our Toasts. 100

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 97. *Pray excuse us, quoth
Mars, &c.*

—Dixit Mavors,
Pace vestra hæc ! sed meæ
Per Ocellos Cithereæ,
Vel per Styga dic, quid agis ?
(Non invideo miror magis.)
Minus nostros tu Nympharum
Dedeco-res Delectarum
Choros, si quæ inferatur
Vel Inferna ; si bibatur
Alecto ipsa.

Here Sir *Mars* begins the History of
his Misfortunes upon Earth, which *Apollo*

had so much Politeness and Patience as to
listen to, notwithstanding there was not a
Circumstance unknown to him. In the
first Book Ver. 241 *Vol* prevented the
Warrior from entering into the Detail of
his own Actions, which he knew wou'd
tire the Company, and do his Brother no
great Honour. But when once the Knight
heard the Name of *Myra*, and heard it
mentioned with so much Respect, he cou'd
no longer contain—The Reader will ob-
serve how he utters in his Narration with
a Volley of Oaths, a sort of Expletives
with which he constantly embellish'd his
Discourse, both to convince the Incredu-
lous, and make himself appear more ter-
rible—*Si bibatur Alecto ipsa. Alecto*
was one of the three Furies.

F

“ Tho'

- “ Tho’ so famous is *Myra* in quaint Roundelay,
 “ Twenty Winters have seen her deep Wrinkled and
 Grey.
 “ When afraid of a Man—if she e’er was afraid;
 “ When she bloom’d a young Maid—if she e’er was a
 Maid;
 “ Even then, if I guess *Phæbus*’ manner of thinking, 105
 “ Tho’ so dull my own Fancy, she was not worth
 drinking.
 “ Did you mark a huge Matron, ybent like a Bow,
 “ In the Circle o’ershadowing a little *Dutch Frow*,

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 103. *When afraid of a Man, &c.*

Tunc, cum nostra Viros vi-
 tasset, unquam Viros si.
 Virguncu-la cūm blandu-la,
 Si fuisset Virguncu-la.

Myra adhuc Infans libidine accensa.
 Vulgaris ejus circumfertur exclamatio Je
 veux que le Grand Dieu Priape me punisse,
 si je me Souviens d’avoir jamais eu mon
 Pucelage! Tir-Oen.

When *Myra* was but an Infant, she
 was very wanton. That famous Saying of
 the old Matron’s is now in every Bodies
 Mouth, Let me be punished by the Great
 God *Priapus*, if I ever remember the
 Time, when I was a Virgin. Tir-Oen
 Com. The same Thing is said by *Quar-*
tilla Priestess of *Priapus* in *Petronius*.

Ver. 107. *Did you mark a huge Matron, &c.*

Tunc cum stetur in Coronā,
 Nonne visa est Matrona

Sicut

- “ Ogling all Men of might, and of Appetites keen,
 “ Talking loud, and unseemly directing *Vice-Queen*? 110
 “ But has *Momus* not told you, that this is the Dame,
 “ Who has ruin’d my Fortune, and injur’d my Fame;
 “ Who has caus’d all my Projects on Earth to miscarry;
 “ Whom the Caitif young *Hymen* entic’d me to marry?

“ ’Tis

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Sicut arcus incurvata,
 Ingens, humerisq; lata;
 Oculis salaces, Forteis
 Mœchos notans irretortis?
 Cujus lateri hærebat
 Vrow pusilla; dum monebat
 Hæc Reginam, turpe ridens,
 Obscœnè loquax.

Hæc mordaci descriptione Castellum Regium jam primum intranti *Andromache* Mævortis militi innotuit—Vrow pusilla cujusdam Trauli uxor pumila, Judæa, ex Batavorum Gente oriunda. Hæc Muliercula supra omnes Amatores Amicæque Myræ placuit, & Primariæ Tribadum seu Lesbium nomine insignita est. In Lib. 3. Dæmonium Miræ appellatur, ubi mores & facinora ejus depinguntur. Tir-Oen Com.

The first time I went to the Castle (says Tir-Oen) I easily discovered the Huge Wife of Sir Mars by this sarcastical Description.

Vrow pusilla, or the little Dutch Frow is the Wife of one Traulus. She’s a Jewess and a Dwarf. However, this little Woman gave Myra more Pleasure

than all the rest of her Lovers and Mistresses. She was therefore dignified with the Title of Chief of the *Tribades* or *Lesbians*. In the 3d Book she is called the Imp of Myra, and there her Manners and Action are likewise describ’d.

I am inclin’d to believe, this is the same Person, who before, Ver. 81. is call’d little A*, tho’ none of the Commentators have taken any notice of that Passage.

Ver. 111. But has *Momus* not told, &c.

Annon Male-dicus dixit
Momus &c.

Momus was the Son of *Nox* and *Somnus*. He observ’d the Actions of the other Gods, and censur’d ’em with the greatest Freedom. *Momus* signifies a Jester or Scoffer.

Ver. 114. Whom the Caitif
 young *Hymen*, &c.

Hanc, quam *Hymenæus* Hy-
 men,
 Iste Carnifex, &c.

“ Tis the same, whom before me two Mortals had wedded ;

115

“ And (if Fame does her Justice) two hundred had Bedded.

“ But

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Hymenæus was the Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus Urania*. He was the God of Marriage, and the Protector of Virgins. To him the new-married Women offer'd Sacrifice. But this Ceremony was omitted by *Myra*, who never pray'd to the Gods for Benefits, or invoc'd any Deities except *Hecate* and her Furies. This is sufficient to invalidate the Charge, which *Sir Mars* hath here brought against the good *Hymen*; who had indeed long ago spy'd his Concubinage, but knew nothing of his Marriage, till *Momus* acquainted him with it; and even long after that it was a Secret here on Earth. What Motive inclin'd the Warrior to engage himself thus far to his old Mistress, is an Enquiry, which has exercis'd the Pens of several learned Mythologists, as well as the Commentators on our Author. For 'tis well known that *Mars*, both before his Fall and for many Years after, was a profess'd Marriage-hater. And tho' he was so fond of other Men's Wives, yet he cou'd not endure the Thoughts of being tied to one of his own. The Opinion most commonly receiv'd is, that *Myra* in a Dish of Chocolate gave him a Philtre, which she had compounded with such excellent Skill, and which operated so powerfully, that the amorous Fit lasted three Lunar Months. Thus *Tir-Oen*, *Cum jam anus, Mira cujuspiam amore flagraret, variis Incantationibus juccos Herbarum & Radicum immiscens, & Hippomanem adhibens, Philtrum seu Poculum Amoris parabat*;

ac Potionem Vino aut Cibis infusam nihil suspicanti Amato dabat Venefica. Hæc arts obnationem Martis, cum nuptiis averfaretur, pervicit; & jam ex Schæniculâ fit Bellatoris Conjux. Whenever *Myra* happen'd to fall in love in her old Age, she had recourse to Incantations and Philtres. The latter she prepared by mixing the Juices of divers Roots and Herbs, and then adding the *Hippomanes*. This Potion the Sorceress took an Opportunity of giving to the Person she lov'd in a Glass of Wine, in Soup, &c. By this means she conquer'd the Averfion which *Sir Mars* had to Marriage, and prevail'd on him to make her his Wife, tho' she was then a very disagreeable old Woman.

Mr. Westlein rejecting this Story of the Philtre as a meer Fable, is of Opinion, that the Marriage of *Mars* and *Myra* was inflicted on 'em by the Gods as a Punishment for their former Adulteries, *Alienarum uxorum olim nimium appetens Mavors, suâ jam diu nimium contentus.* *Sir Mars* who formerly coveted every Man's Wife he saw, had now enough of his own.

And then adds the same Commentator, *Mira, quæ Mavortem Adulterum deperibat, connubio sibi junctum odio habuit.* *Myra*, tho' she was so fond of *Mars*, while he was her Gallant, cou'd not endure him after he became her Husband.

Mr. Cuper, without enquiring into the Particulars of this famous Conjunction, or by what Means it was effected, contents himself to say, speaking

- “ But her various Amours never gave me great Pain ;
- “ Things unpractis’d perhaps in old *Saturn’s* cold Reign.
- “ Well I wot, modern Wives are refin’d in their Taste :
- “ Who pretends, since th’ Accession of *Jove*, to be
Chaste? 120
- “ But the Matter, which caus’d the poor Husband
repent,
- “ Was the State she assum’d, and the Money she spent.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

ing of *Myra*, *Nupfit*, *Marti non ut Bellatore ipso, qui tum senuit, sed ut Bellatoris equis, terris & argento potiretur.* *Myra* married the Warrior, not out of any Affection she had remaining for him, (for he was then grown old) but in order to possess her self of his Horses, Lands, Money, &c.

These are the Opinions of the three Commentators, and as for my part I am inclin’d to think, they are all just and true. At least I am sure they may be all very easily reconcil’d.

Ver. 118. *Things unpractis’d perhaps, &c.*

*Haud Saturni Regem Vidit
Regnum Mæchos. Sed uxores*

*Imperante Politiores
Nostro Jove. Jam Amicæ
Cunctæ fiunt Impudicæ ;
Sponte fiunt.*

Tir-Oen here remarks, that *Sir Mair* had three general Topics of Conversation, viz. *De Diis & Superioribus semper male loqui, Matronam nullam esse pudicam jure jurando affirmare, se ac Facinora sua longo Sermone jactitare.* To Blaspheme the Gods and speak Evil of all Men ; To affirm with an Oath, that no married Woman is Chaste ; To Boast immoderately of himself and his own Actions. See Note Ver. 25, and Ver. 137. of this Book.

“ For she now wou’d be worship’d (a Goddess by Marriage !)

“ Rich, as *Juno*’s her Drefs, and as Haughty her Carriage ;

“ With Contempt looking down on simple Mortality,

125

“ What an Havock she made to support her new Quality !

“ All my Jewels, and Plate, all my Goods, and my Chattels,

“ All the Pay, and the Presents I got by my Battles ;

“ All I gain’d by exporting War-Horfes to *Gallia*,

“ She accounted *Para*-(what d’ye call ’em ?)-*pbernal*a. 130

“ Nor my Jewels, or Chattels, or Pay wou’d suffice :

“ Ev’ry Banker was wheedled to furnish Supplies,

“ As my Debts thus increas’d, she enlarg’d her Demands ;

“ Till I fold my fine Stud ; and then mortgag’d my Lands.

“ Nor

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Ver. 134. *Till I fold my fine Stud, &c.*

Terras, equos, ac pulchrarum Pullos vendidi equarum.

The

“Nor the Pistoles she spar’d, when I beg’d for the Few, 135

“Which remain’d. My dear *Mars*, there are more in *Peru*:

“Canst not thou here import ’em by magic Divine?

“Or else open on *Bellewstown Hills* a Gold Mine?

“But to this I objected—I live here Incog,

“And derive no more Power from above, than King *Log*. 140

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The Warrior had once a very fine Stud, and was growing famous for a Breed of excellent Horses. He had already exported some into *France*, and had great Returns. But this laudable Project of enriching himself was defeated by the Extravagance of *Myra*, he having been obliged at one time to sell a hundred of his choice Mares to pay her play Debts, &c.

Ver. 137. *Canst not thou here import, &c.*

Aureosq;

Heic Philippos importare;

Sive nostra perforare

Bellewstoni Jugu!

When *Myra* had spent all the Warrior’s Money, and had sold his Horses, Lands, Plate, &c. she demanded that he shou’d give her a Proof of his Divinity by sending an Invisible Agent to the *Spanish West-Indies* for a Supply, or else by sinking a Mine on *Bellewstown Hills* near *Drogheda*, the Jointure Lands of our Heroine. As unreasonable and ridiculous as this Request seem’d to be, yet she was sufficiently justified in making it thro’ the vain-glorious Speeches, which Sir *Mars* threw out on all

Occasions before his Marriage: But especially when he was conversing with his Concubines. For then he wou’d boast, that notwithstanding his Exile, he had sufficient Power to raise himself to the Dignity of a Lord, a Lord Treasurer, a Lord Lieutenant; nay, if he pleas’d, to the high Office of a King, an Emperor, a Sultan, &c. *Istunculum Gloriosum Militem* (says *Tir-Oen*) *ad fastidium usque quoties contemplatus sum, dum Imperium sibi modo designat, modo meretriculæ cuipiam aureos montes pollicetur?* How often have I beheld that Braggadochio of a Soldier, till I grew quite sick, while he was either marking out for Himself a Kingdom, or promising some little Harlot Mountains of Gold,

In this Place indeed the Warrior replies to his Spouse with great Humility, and acknowledges his Incapacity and want of Power, yet he soon relapses into his old manner of Boasting, and insensibly assumes his natural Character. See below Ver. 212. and Ver. 327. and what is said of him by *Mercury* and *Tibetis* in the 3d Book.

Ver. 140.—than King *Log*.

—Inutile Lignum

Rex Ranarum.—

See the Fable of the Frogs, who desired *Jupiter* to give ’em a King.

F 4

“I’m

" I'm Chevalier, 'tis true. But alas! modern Knight-

" -Hood's become a meer Jest, and there's nothing got
by't.

" And your Highness wou'd want a plain Dinner, and
Dwelling,

" If in Youth I had not understood Colonelling.

" But if thus you make Waste, I must hide my old
Head,

135

" Or solícite the Sutler to trust us for Bread.

" Sudden answer'd the Dame. Unabash'd who can hear

" Therenown'd God of Battle expressing such Fear;

" With his own loving Wife Money Matters disputing?

" Is the Genius of *Mars* thus unskill'd in Recruiting? 150

" For Subsistence to whom need a Soldier owe Thanks,

" Where a King has Exchequers, and Subjects have
Banks?

" Cou'd

“ Cou’d I wear your bold Front, and your Breeches,
wou’d I go

“ Into *Flanders*, and plunder, as you did at *Vigo*.

“ Modern Knighthood, I ween, much Relief may af-
ford, 155

“ If, instead of a Muff, you wou’d wield a Broad Sword,

“ Is he not a meer Recr’ant, whose Lady’s unfed,

“ Who by storming a Windmill is sure to get Bread?

“ Thus reproaching she fir’d me. I sold my Debentures;

“ Andequipt, like *St. George*, went in quest of Adventures: 160

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Ver. 154.—and plunder, as
you did at *Vigo*.

must be allow’d a meritorious Act
a Pagan Divinity.

Quæ Opima spolia *Vigo*
Tibi Olim —

Sir *Mars* was Q—r M—r General in the *Vigo* Expedition, and had by that means all imaginable Opportunities of enriching himself by Plunder. But (if I am rightly inform’d) he brought nothing home more than he carried out, except a Jar of Snuff and a Silver Crucifix. He took away the latter, not so much for the Value of the Metal, as for the sake of committing a small piece of Sacrilege, which

Ver. 156. If instead of a
Muff, &c.

—Manticatam

Si exuas, abjiciasq;
Pellem istam, distringasq;
Ensem Martis.

Sir *Mars* seldom appear’d abroad without a large Muff hanging at his Girdle. See in the 4th Book the great Benefit he received by wearing his Muff, when he fought with *Myra*.

“ Having

- “ Having first swore by *Styx* not to Borrow, or Pay ;
 “ Or to bow at the Castle, or sweat on the *Quay* ;
 “ Till that I, by my Prowess, a Kingdom had won ;
 “ Or had forc’d from great Chymists Philosopher’s Stone.
 “ While I thus form the Hero of future Romances ; 165
 “ Lo! a dire Disaster ruins all my fine Fancies.
 “ For *Minerva* that Prude, on a silly Pretence,
 “ That my Actions on Earth gave her Highness Offence,
 “ Here incites a young Squire, by my Presence unaw’d,
 “ To revile me in Publick—and Cudgel a God ! 170

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Ver. 161. *Having first swore by Styx, &c.*

Per Styga jurans, &c.

Styx is a River of Hell, but so sacred to the Gods, that when they swear by it they dare not violate the Oath. For whoever was guilty of the Breach of an Oath sworn by the River *Styx* was deprived of his Divinity, and Banish’d. Why this peculiar Honour was granted to *Styx*, see *Hesiod’s Theogonia*. Mr. *Cuper* is of Opinion, that the frequent Perjuries of *Mars* were the real Cause of his Exile.

Ver. 162. — or to sweat on the Quay.

Aut Sudare, ubi Cothon, Ussere, tuus,

Cothon seu Caia Usseri vel Usseri locus ubi habitabat Uxor Martis. Tir-Oen. Usser’s Quay. (in Dublin) is that part of the City (says Tir-Oen) where the Wife of Sir Mars then lived.

Sudare i.e. Permolere Myram.

Ver. 169. *Here incites a young Squire, &c.*

Dum Juvenulo adfuit,
 Vultus Martis haud terru-it.
 Nam Opprobria hic Gafneus
 Dixit—Vapulatq; Deus !

John B—ll—w of Gafny, Esq; was the Person who Cudgel’d Sir Mars. It seems the Knight had done this Gentleman some very ill Offices ; and had hurt him, or endeavour’d to hurt him in his private Fortune

“ Nor so great the Affront, so malicious the Trick,
 “ Which she servd me at *Troy* in defending the *Greek* ;
 “ For the Wound, which was given by *Diomed's* Spear,
 “ Was a Mark of my Courage—*Fortune de la Guerre* !

“ But

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Fortune. Of this *Mr. B—ll—w* being well inform'd demanded Satisfaction, and by a Person of Honour, one of his near Relations, sent a Challenge to our Hero. To which the cautious Knight return'd for Answer, that he was at that Time extremely Indispos'd, and was therefore obliged to decline the Compliment. But that he wou'd take all imaginable care of himself, and recover as fast as possibly he cou'd ; and as soon as he found his Body in a Fighting Condition, he wou'd appoint the Weapons and Place of meeting. Thus the Matter rested for about a Fortnight or three Weeks ; during which Time, the Knight went every Day abroad, and appear'd at Court, in the Ring, and in all publick Places, without any visible Mark of Sickness, excepting, that he was sometimes wrapt up in a Cloak. *Mr. B—ll—w* conceiv'd himself to be now doubly injur'd, and that such a Neglect and Insult required another sort of Correction, than what he intended to bestow on *Sir Mars* in the Field. Wherefore without farther Ceremony, he Can'd or Cudgel'd the noble Colonel the first Time he cou'd conveniently approach him. This memorable Action happen'd at *Dick's* Coffee-House in *Skinner-Row* ; where the old Woman still shews the Place and Posture in which the Warrior stood, and the Manner in which *Mr. B—ll—w* attack'd Him.

Ver. 173. *For the Wound which was given by Diomed's, &c.*

Certè signum nostræ Vir-
 -tutis, &—*Fortune de la Guerre*

Filii Hasta cùm Tydei
 Nos percussit. At *Gafnei*
 Heu ! famam Bastinado host-
 -is inquinavit ; ut nec post-
 -meritis paretur quies ;
 Nec imminuat ulla dies
 Istud Dedecus.

As this Action at the Siege of *Troy* is related by *Homer*, I cannot think it redounds to the Honour of *Sir Mars*, tho' he urges it here as an incontestable proof of his Courage. He fought indeed furiously for some time, and as long as he met with little Resistance ; but as soon as he receiv'd a slight Wound, he Roar'd and Ran away—*At Gafnei—Damnosa Bastinado*—To be Cudgel'd is certainly a most grievous Misfortune, especially when it happens to a Soldier. For the Ignominy, as *Sir Mars* observes very justly, is never to be wip'd off, But this is to be under-
 stood

“ But a curs’d Baftinado imprints a Disgrace, 175

“ That my Merit can’t cover, nor Time will efface.

Here *Apollo* enquir’d, “ Why he did not oppose

“ All his Force to Revenge, or to parry the Blows?

Thus the Knight answer’d shrugging: “ Nor cou’d I
oppose;

“ Or had Force to Revenge, or to parry the Blows. 180

“ When I fell from *Olympus* (unjust was my Doom!)

“ For my Safety compel’d human Form to assume;

“ Well Compacted, and Nervous, becoming a God, I

“ To *Prometheus* gave Orders to make me a Body.

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stood in such Cases only, when the Wight, who has receiv’d the Baftinado, fits down quietly without resenting the Affront. For in all the *British* Islands a Man may repair his Honour by Fighting his Adversary. Mr. *Waftein* in his Note on this Place seems desirous to be informed, whether the Stick, which Mr. *Blew* us’d, was Cane, Oak, or Crab-Tree; and is of Opinion that the Value of the Wood alters the Nature of the Affront. But I think our military Courts, as well as the Courts of Honour established in *France*, make no Difference in this Case.

Prometheum jussi——

Prometheus the Son of *Iapetus* and the Father of *Deucalion*. He was the First, as we find in History, who form’d a Man out of Clay, which Work he performed with so much Art and Skill, that *Minerva* offered him any Thing in her Power to make it compleat; and by her Assistance he afterwards stole Fire from Heaven to animate his Man of Clay——It was probably owing to the Insinuations and Artifice of this Goddess, and the Influence she had over *Prometheus*, that the Body of our Hero was so ill made.

Ver. 184. To *Prometheus*
gave Orders, &c.

“ But

- “ But my Grinders excepted, a little Fine Blood, 185
 “ And a Favourite Member, that whilom was Good ;
 “ He has work’d up my Carkafs with very coarfe Pafte ;
 “ Or ’tis elfe fome old Stuff, which the Knave has new caft.
 “ As you fee, I’m Wrong-headed : Too thick is my Skull,
 “ With a deep *Pia Mater*, that is not half Full. 190
 “ I’ve within a white Liver, o’erflow’d with black Gall,
 “ And a Heart that is Hollow, very Hard, and too Small.
 “ Pray remark my Soft Look, and how Supple my Face ;
 “ (Tho’ the Rascal pretends, there’s a Mixture of Brafs)

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Ver. 190. *With a deep Pia Mater, that is not half full.*

Laxa, neq; femiplena
 Pia Mater.

The *Pia Mater* is a thin fine Membrane, which incloses the Brain and Cerebellum.

Ver. 194. *Tho’ the Rascal pretends, &c.*

— tamen fi,
 Nebuloni credide-ris,
 Pondo admiscetur Æris.

Mr. Cuper and Weistain, who had both frequently seen Sir Mars in Holland, during his Cohabitation with the C—— of N——le’s, are of Opinion, that *Prometheus* really and truly us’d a whole Pound of Brass in the Composition of the Warrior’s Front; tho’ they allow the Accusation in all other respects to be very just. Certain it is, says *Tir-Oen*, if our Hero wanted Brass, it was his own Fault. *Si non Abeneæ caperat Frons Herois nostri, fibimet ipsi imputetur. Namque ad Trojam, &c.* For before his Fall he was usually adorn’d with so great a Quantity of that Metal, that at the Siege of Troy he was commonly call’d Χαλκας ἄγας, or Colonel *Braxen*; and when *Homer* speaks of him with most Respect, he distinguishes the Warrior by this Title.

“ How

“ How my Ears are the same, you bestow’d on the
King: 195

“ Him I mean, who deny’d, that *Apollo* could Sing.

“ That, my Breath, and my Features are vastly too strong;

“ Full of Evil my Tongue, and three Inches too long.

“ But observe the curs’d Members, the Source of my
Harms,

“ Inoffensive weak Hands, and unmuscular Arms; 200

“ Vilest

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Ver. 195. *How my Ears are the same, &c.*

*Aurículas mî imposu-
-it Afininas, quales Tu
Regi, cujus mens insana
Tibi prætulisset Pana.*

Pan the God of Shepherds had the Vanity to contend with *Apollo* for the Mastery in Singing; and *Midas*, a King of *Phrygia*, who was one of the Judges, gave the Preference to *Pan*, for which *Apollo* clapt on his Head a pair of Asses’s Ears. Hence arose the Proverb,

Aurículas Afini Mida Rex habet,

Intimating such, as are incapable to judge rightly of any thing, which they hear, yet can hear at a great Distance. Asses Ears are very inconvenient to a private Person,

but are to be dreaded, when they appear on the Head of a great King. —

Mr. *Cuper* imagines, that the several Misfortunes, which befell Sir *Mars* here on Earth, are to be ascrib’d to the Gravitation of his Head, and to the Length of his Ears and Tongue, and not to the want of Elasticity in his Hands and Arms, which is the Reason assign’d by the Warrior in the following Verses.

Ver. 199. *But observe, &c.*

*Sed Ignavam hanc cuncto-
rum*

*Causam aspice Malorum
Dextram; hosce nec Torosos,
Nec Lacertos Bellicosos!*

I am very unwilling to differ from the three Learned Gentlemen, to whom I am obliged

- “ Vilest Parts, unendu’d with a Power elastic,
 “ That Insensible suffer the Pressures of a Stick !
 “ Yet the Cudgel unseen, and the Foe at a distance ;
 “ How they brandish a Weapon, and feign a Resistance !
 “ Better form’d was Sir *Hudi*—and eke his low Squire; 205
 “ More Robust in their Limbs (tho’ they wanted my Fire)
 “ Which undaunted have oft a dry Basting withstood ;
 “ Tho’ afraid of cold Iron, durst rise against Wood,

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obliged for the best part of my Notes on this Author. But I must maintain, that the Warrior’s Accusation of *Prometheus* is not altogether so just as they allow it to be. If we examine the Character of Sir *Mars* by the *Iliad*, which is the Touchstone by which to prove him, we shall find, that even in his State of Glory he had a Wrong Head, an Hard Heart, and a very Bad Tongue. I refer to the several Titles and Actions bestowed on him by *Homer* for the Truth of this Assertion. As to the Weakness of his Hands and Arms, and the want of Muscles and Elasticity, of which the Knight complains, ’tis a meer Jest, and is here urged by him only to cover his Poltrony. The Truth is, that neither before or since his Fall wou’d he fight where he found a stout Opposition ; and it cannot be instanc’d from any History, that this mighty Hero ever struck again, after he had

once been wounded, or had receiv’d two or three Blows. The *Romans*, who had a much greater Veneration for him, than the *Greeks*, yet cou’d not conceal the ill Qualities of their God. For to omit at present all the hard Words which *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Lucan*, *Statius*, *Silius Italicus*, *Claudian*, and many other, of the old *Latin Poets*, have given him, *Juvenal* directly charges him with want of Courage, or an Inability to defend either his Goods or Person, when he was attack’d in his own Temple.

*Ex quo Mars Ulter Galeam quoq; perdidit,
 & res
 Non potuit servare suas.* Juv. Sat. 14.

Since *Mars*, whom we the Great Reven-
 ger call,
 Lost his own Helmet, and was stript of all.
Dryd.

" Now so weak in the Flesh, yet by *Jupiter* I am

" In my Spirit as brave, as when we fought for *Priam*. 210

" *Vol*, who knows all my Thoughts, if he pleases can tell
you;

" Many times, in my Mind, I have kill'd that *Jack B--llew*.

" *Vol*

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Ver. 210.—as when we fought
for *Priam*.

Cum pro *Trojâ* stetitsemus,
Priamiq; Regno.

At the Siege of *Troy* *Apollo* and *Mars*
were on the *Trojans* Side; but their Beha-
viour was very different. *Apollo* acted up
to the Character of a God; and *Mars*
did every thing like a Mad-man.

Ver. 211. *Vol*, who knows all
my Thoughts, &c.

O magne, tibi dicat, Sol,
(Dicere si lubeat) *Vol*,
Meam inspicit qui mentem;
Quoties inscium ac absentem
Provocavi ad Duellu';
Hunc occidi *Jaccum B--llew*.

It was a Custom inviolably observ'd by
Sir Mars, after he had been Cudgel'd by
Mr. B--llew, to kill that Gentleman
mentally once at least every Day. This
gallant Action was performed in the fol-
lowing manner. The Knight having din-
ed plentifully, and being well heated with

Wine, his Guests departed, and his Ser-
vants dismiss'd, carefully lock'd his Par-
lour Door. And then supposing his Ad-
versary to stand before him in the Form
of his Great Elbow Chair, he devoted him
Diis Inferis, and drawing a *Toledo*, which
he had bought for this purpose, he advan-
ced with a seeming Intrepidity, and push'd
with so much Skill and Violence, that
generally by the first or second Thrust
the Chair was run quite thro' the Body.
Then he wip'd his Blade, and sheath'd
it with great Complacency; sung an *Io*
Triumphe sitting on his Enemy, whom he
had thus mortally wounded, and fell fast
asleep. *Tir-Oen*, who had frequently seen
this Chair, declares, that it was ragged
and tatter'd, and that he had observ'd the
Sun to shine thro' it in several Places.
And a very skilful Operator of my Ac-
quaintance assures me, that having upon
a certain Occasion prob'd and examin'd
the Holes or Wounds, he plainly disco-
ver'd, that they cou'd not have been made
by any other Weapon than a *Spanish* Ra-
pier. But alas! this was not the Fate of
poor *Mr. B--llew* only. For in like man-
ner our Hero reveng'd himself on all o-
ther his reputed Enemies, and on all Per-
sons in High Stations, who did not pay
him a proper Respect, or whose Opinions
or Principles were not conformable to his
own. Some he kill'd by overturning his
Table,

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Table, others by flitting a Pannel of the Wainfcot. And thofe, who were moft hateful to him, he deftroyed by running his Head with a true martial Fury thro' the Saff Windows. In thefe laft Encounters he was fometimes desperately

wounded. And particularly attempting once in this manner to flay a perverfe *Engliſhman*, with whom he had ſome Law Diſputes, the noble Knight was in Danger of loſing both his Ears.

For the Reader's Satisfaction I have here added an Alphabetical Liſt of the Perſons, who have been MENTALLY kill'd by Sir *Mars*, from the Year 1708 to the Year 1728 ; faithfully extract-ed from the *Encomium Martis*, or *Killing no Murder*.

Aldermen	6—0	Judges	4—0
Apple Women Old	3—0	Keepers of the Phoenix Park	23—0
Attorneys	16— $\frac{1}{2}$	Kings	9— $\frac{1}{2}$
Bakers	3—0	Knights	2—0
Bankers	4—0	Lords, Lords Lieutenants, and Lords } Justices	17—0
Baroneſs	1—0	Milliners-Women	3—0
Barrifters	5—0	Parliament Men	59—0
Butchers	4—0	Pawn-Brokers	6—0
Butter Women	7—0	Pimps	18—0
Captain Half Pay	1—0	Poets	2—0
Catch Poles	23— $\frac{1}{2}$	Popes	4—0
Commiſſioners	4—0	Prieſts	365—0
Corn-cutters	1—0	Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs	6—0
Counteſſes	2—0	Surgeons	2—0
Devils	40—0	Viſcounteſs	1—0
Doctors of Law	1—0	Vintners	2—0
Drapers	1—0	Wine Merchants	4—0
Eſquires	10—0		
Farriers	5—0	In all—Males	667
Grooms	16—0	Females	14
Generals	5—0		
Grenadier-Centinel	1—0	Total of the Slain	681
Jaylors	1—0		

N. B. Several Perſons in the above Liſt were kill'd by miſtake, others after they were Dead: And ſome few, who found the means of being reconciled to the old Knight, were ſuffered to live again, and paſs the reſt of their Days unmoleſted. Particularly a tall Keeper called *Halpen*, or *Half-penny*, after he had been killed or mortally wounded a hundred and ten times, grew into ſuch Favour with our Hero, as to be prefer'd by him to a Place of Truſt and Profit within his Jurisdiction.

N. B. In this Liſt are not reckoned the Knight's Domeſtick Servants, who were ſlain for every trifling Offence, without regard to the Sex, or Age.

Quæſ. Whether the Doctor of Law, and the two Poets ſhould not be included in the Article of Devils !

- " *Vol* attested the Fact, swearing hard, that he knew,
 " All his Brother had urg'd, to a tittle was true.
 " (If the Knight's at a Loss, *Vol* unfolds the Affair, 215
 " Ever ready, when Seconds are wanting, to SWEAR.)
 " Then he added—Hard Fate! that so gallant a Mind
 " Shou'd be thus to a vile Habitation confin'd.
 " How Heroic his Thoughts, tho' his Figure is mean!
 " How his Spirit wou'd shine, if it cou'd but be seen! 220

" His

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Ver. 215. *If the Knight's at a Loss, Vol, &c.*

Res nodosæ explicare
 Vol paratus, ac jurare
 Vera, falsa, quot & quæ
 sint,
 Testes si famosi defint.

Among all the Inhabitants of this Island there was not one, who in his Dealings was more unjust than Sir *Mari*. He never paid his Debts or performed his Contracts but by Compulsion. He never acknowledged the Receipt of Monies, but even denied his own Signature, if it was produced to witness against him. When he sold or mortgag'd his Lands or Houses, he endeavoured to make void the Deeds of Conveyance by affirming they were only in Trust for Himself; or that he had been Impos'd on and Cheated, neither

knowing or remembering what he had sign'd and seal'd. In all these infamous Retractions *Vol* was his faithful Confederate, and never scrupled to invent Circumstances, and attest 'em publickly, if by such a Method he could be serviceable to his Brother's Cause. This is what the Poet insinuates here. I shall have occasion to enlarge on this Subject in my Notes on the third Book.

Ver. 220. *How his Spirit wou'd shine, &c.*

Spiritus si compareret,
 Qualis Splendor!

Our Author seems to have taken this Hint from the Epistle of *Vol* to the Chevalier *Mari*, written in the old Irish Language by *Benedict Mullbollar* a Druid of *Wicklow*, which was published a little before Mr. *Scheffer's* Poem. I have here translated

- “ His Assassins thus hide in dark Lanterns their Light :
- “ Thus his Scabbard is rusty ; his Sword, it is bright.
- “ But be just, O ye Gods ! Let his Talents be known ;
- “ And the Conquests he makes, when the Chieftain’s alone !
- “ Let his MENTAL Atchievements, which *Quixot*’s surpass,
225
- “ Or be writ in Gold Letters, or graven on Brass !
- “ Or to me lend your Pipe, and Poetical Power ;
- “ And an Iliad I’ll frame—with the Acts of one Hour.
- “ Well, O ! *Vol*, thou hast spoke, said *Apollo*, and smil’d :
- “ Yet be not by false Fire, or thy Genius beguil’d ! 230
- “ Nor can I tune thy Voice, or instruct thee to play :
- “ And attempting to chaunt, I’m afraid, thou woud’st bray.

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translated the beginning of that Epistle, to give the *British* Reader a Specimen of *Mullbollar*’s manner. I intend shortly to translate the whole, as well as some other Pieces of this eminent *Druid*, to do still more Honour to Mr. *Scheffer*’s Heroes.

Vol to the Chevalier *Mars S. D.*

Knight, here are saucy *Gypsies*, who divine,
Our Wealth and Passions by a single Line ;

*Our noble Spirits by our Looks Controul,
And form the Type and Index of each Soul.
Thus they foretel your Courage by your Mien,
And counsel Mars to combat Harlequin.
Me undiscerning too the Jades uncase,
And swear my Soul is blacker than my Face.
But well I ken, your Mind, Æthereal Spark,
Like Heart of Oak’s inclos’d in wrinkled
Bark.*

*As you perceive my inward Man to shine :
Foul Bottles thus contain the brightest Wine.*

- “ If an Iliad you want, and are truly inclin’d
 “ To extol the bold Knight, and to image his Mind ;
 “ O address the great Bard, I have chosen to sing ; 235
 “ To exalt Men of Merit, but flatter no King.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 235. *O address the great Bard, &c.*

Hunc orate (juvent te Dî)
 Artem Carminis cui dedi ;
 Bonos solers qui cantare
 Nescit Reges adulari ;
 Lilliputiæ fingit bellum
 Qui Pigmaëtilum Popellum :
 Condit Brobdignag-giantes
 Gigantissimos Gigantes,
 Turrium instar. Dum ænei
 Cedit Fulmen Salmonei
 Tuo Vates : Suum Te sens-
 -it hæc Urbs Præsidium præ-
 sens.
 O quàm dignè hic jocosus
 Res non gestas, animosus,
 Dicat, quas excogitavit
 Mars, quam fortiter pugna-
 vit
 Mens Martialis.

The Poet here insinuates the Attempt which was made about the Year 1723 by Wood and his Patrons to carry off all the Gold and Silver, the current Coin of this Country, in exchange for Brass Halfpence, and which was defeated by some excellent Pieces written on that occasion

by Dr. S—— the present Dean of St. P——’s, than whom no Country can boast a better Patriot, and no Age has produced a greater Genius.

Fulmen Salmonei. Salmoneus was a King of Elis, a Province in the Peloponnesus, now called *Belvidere*. He was so presumptuous, as to affect the being thought a God ; and to this end he built a very high Bridge of Brass over his capital City, on which he was wont to drive in his Chariot, that he might imitate the Thunderer by the Sound and Noise. *Jupiter*, provoked by his Impiety, struck him dead with a real Thunderbolt. This Allusion our Author has borrowed from the following Epigram quoted by *Tir-Oen*.

Mentiturq; Jovem & fugit Salmoneus Arma.

*Sic quæq; Woodus inops intonat Ære suo.
 Ecce ruit Moles ! Quid non Facundia vincit !
 Jupiter hoc potuit fulmine, voce Maro.*

1.

Salmon for a *Jove* you’d pass ;
 Forg’d his Arms and feign’d his Voice.
Silly Wood thus strikes his Brass,
 And alarms us with the Noise.

2.

Lo the *Fabrick* falls asunder !
 Who wou’d Eloquence provoke ?
Jove was forc’d to use his Thunder :
 But our *Maro* only spoke.

“ *Lilliputians*

" *Lilliputians* who feign'd, pretty Pygmy Dwarf People;

" And the *Brob-dig-nag* Giants built high as a Steeple.

" Who repell'd the Brass Thunder, by darting his own;

" And, destroying *Salmoneus* preserv'd the poor Town. 240

" How facetious he'll tell the great Deeds, you have
thought; *To Mars.*

" And the Battles record, which your Fancy has fought!"

Ceas'd the God. When in Accents uncouth Chevalier

Thus proceeds—and *Apollo* has Patience to hear.

" Now is past my Mis hap, I retreat to my House 245

" Much abash'd, and sore dreading the Taunts of my
Spouse.

" But how great my Surprise, when I mark'd the Alarm,

" And the Footmen, and Women preparing to arm!

" When the Dame thus begun, looking piteous and sighing,

" (Nor she seem'd to grieve more, when her Monkey was
dying) 250

- “ How uncertain is War, and how vain are our Cares !
- “ How the Fates have inverted all human Affairs !
- “ Since a faucy raw Squire may insult a good Knight ;
- “ And a Col’nel be Cudgel’d, and Jockeys dare fight.
- “ Yet ’tis some consolation, and lessens my pain, 255
- “ That you only was Drubb’d—For you might have been
slain.
- “ And be cheary, my *Mars* ! Be assur’d, at my suit
- “ That their High Excellencies shall end the Dispute ;
- “ If you don’t look too fierce, or unaptly inter——
- “ Mix a martial long Speech—and refuse to REFER. 260
- “ But

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Ver. 259. *If you do not
look, &c.*

Torvus Vultum si exu-as ;
Si REFERRE non abnu-as ;
Vanos misceas nec sermones
Tuo more.

Myra here alludes to a remarkable
Speech made by her Husband when he
was a Member of the House of Com-

mons. For it having been moved to de-
fire a Conference with the Lords upon
some important Occasion, the Chevalier
Mars rose up, and in a long Speech in-
veigh’d with great Warmth and Elo-
quence against all References, declaring,
that he never knew any Good proceed
from a Reference, and that all great Bo-
dies as well as private Persons ought to
determine their Differences in a more
Gentleman like manner. *Tir-Om* excuses
this Blunder or *Lapsus* (as he terms it)
and thinks, it shou’d not have exposed
our

- “ But as Cudgels are wont to change mortal Condition;
 “ I advise, ’tis expedient to sell our Commission.
 “ Go, and feign a Disgust, well dissembling your Fears,
 “ That *Cadog-n*, and *T—ple* are made Brigadeers.
 “ Quit the Army in ire, where you have not your Right:
 “ As *Achilles* be stout, and resolve—not to fight.
 “ Thus she guileful bespoke me. Again I believ’d,
 “ Tho’ so oft by a semblance of kindness deceiv’d.
 “ Now the Staff of my Age and my Office was sold;
 “ I resign’d my last Stake, and my Wife seiz’d the Gold;

265

270

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our Hero to so much Ridicule, considering the Analogy between a Reference and Conference, and that every Reference necessarily implies one Conference at least. It will be proper in this place to observe, that *Myra* by her Address and Application to the Lords Justices obtained, that Mr. *B--lew* should be taken into Custody, and confin’d, till he had given his Parole of Honour to Drub the Warrior no more.

Ver. 264. *That Cadog-n and Temple, &c.*

*Clarus ille Eques Temple,
 Et Cadog-n, &c.*

Our Author means the late Lord *Cadog-n* and the present Lord *Cobb-m*, two great and gallant Officers, who commanded in every Action, during the last War in *Flanders*, while our Hero was fighting at the Feet of *Myra*, or fighting Battles in his own Parlour.

Ver. 269. *Now the Staff, &c.*

*Splendidoq; nunc Bacillo
 Viduus —*

He means the Silver Staff, which a Colonel of the Guards carries in his Hand, when he is in waiting at Court.

- “ Which a Winter consum’d, scarce supplying her Wants,
 “ To retain learned *Pandars*, and purchase Gallants ;
 “ To adorn her for Birth-Nights, and furnish for Play ;
 “ While I cou’d not extort her own Grenadier’s Pay.
 “ Now forlorn and despis’d, when I had not a Friend,
 “ Who my Signet wou’d trust, or a Moidore wou’d lend ;
 “ Brother *Vol*, who has skill to diversify Shapes,
 “ (Nor so wily is *Proteus*, or boasts such Escapes)

“ Who

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Ver. 274. *While I cou’d not extort, &c.*

Nec stipendium mihi tantul’
 Ipse meruisti quantul’
 O Pileate, O Nervose
 Miles tu libidinose
 Deliciæ Anûs.

Tir-Oen here relates, how *Myra*, as she passed into the Castle one Evening, fell in Love with a tall Grenadier, who stood Centinel at the Gate. The force of this new Passion was so sudden and violent, that having dismiss’d her Chairmen and Footmen, she made no scruple of stepping into the Centry Box for immediate Relief. *Ne Tentigine rumpatur*, says the Commentator. She afterwards allowed the good Soldier a weekly Pension, till

his Strength failed him, and he became unfit for her Ladyship’s Service ; or according to Mr. *Weslein*, *Cum Libidine Miræ fatigatus recesserit stipendio militari contentus*. This is the same Person, who in the third Book is call’d *Bombardomachides*. The History of this Adventure is carefully preserved in the Archives belonging to the *Dublin Barracks* : And the Centry Box, which is now called the Temple of *Myra*, is shewn to all Strangers.

Ver. 277. *Brother Vol, &c.*

Vol Fraterrimus, qui catus
 Cunctos fallere, mutatus
 In novas Formas, nunc &
 nunc,
 Hunc mentitus, atq; hunc.
 Modo

- “ Who a Constable, Captain, or Treasurer shines ;
 “ Or descends to blow Glass, or to delve in Coal Mines, 280
 “ Thus Uncol’nell’d instructs me, to act a new Part,
 “ To pretend, I had learnt Cynogetical Art.
 “ And behold my Success! Where so gross an Affront
 “ I had whilom receiv’d, I commenc’d the Chief Hunt.
 “ Well I wot, that above ye are most of Opinion, 285
 “ That we ought, who have over all Beasts the Dominion,

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Modo Vol Constabularius,
 Capitaneus, Thesaurarius,
 Magna loquens:
 Jam effodit Vol Carbones
 Cunicu-lus: Jam Baronis
 Tument Buccæ, dum Vi-
 tre-us
 Stat. Callidior haud Prote-us
 Vinc’la fugit.

Proteus the Son of *Neptune* was the Keeper or Constable of the Sea. He cou’d transform himself into any Shape he pleas’d, by which means he escap’d his Pursuers. See *Ovid. Met. Lib. 8.* Some Mythologists make *Proteus* a cunning Politician, who deceiv’d the People, and enrich’d himself with the Plunder of his Country.

Horace bestows this Name on a crafty knavish Debtor, who could not be bound

by any Obligations, or secured by the Hand of Justice.

*Scribe decem a Nerio: non est satis: addo
 Cicuta*

*Nodosi tabulas centum; mille addo catenas:
 Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Pro-
 teus.*

*Cum rapiet in jus malis ridentem alienis,
 Fiet aper, modo avis, modo saxum, & cum
 volet, arbor.*

Bind him in Bonds: Or let the Knave
 confess

A Judgment. Yet the Debt shall ne’er be less.
 Send him to jail: the next Day he escapes,
 And sneers his Creditors in various Shapes.
 Now he’s a Boar, a Crab Tree, or a Clod,
 Anon a Collier, Captain, or a God.

I forgot to take notice in my Note on
 Ver. 25. of the first Book, that *Vol* was
 some time Constable of *Dublin Castle*.

“ Or

- “ Or to hunt the wild Boar, or to rouse the fierce Lion ;
 “ But to leave fearful Bucks to the Handmaids of *Dian*.
 “ Yet the Youth of *Ierne* the R—g—r revere,
 “ Who alone is intrusted to kill Royal Deer ; 290
 “ Ever praising my Hounds : Nor a Pack of more speed
 “ Or thy *Gratius* has sung, or *Britannia* can breed.
 “ Dogs, you know, in my Glory were sacred to *Mars* ;
 “ And are now the good Creatures, I chuse for Converse.
 “ Be recorded my Pets, all ye Nations Canine ! 295
 “ Be your Manners, and Genius’ the Emblems of mine !”

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 292. *Or thy Gratius has sung, &c.*

—Cantatve
 Tuus Gratius, generatve
 Britanniae Tellus. —

Gratius was an excellent Poet of the *Augustan Age*, a Contemporary with *Virgil* and *Ovid*. He wrote a Poem upon the Subject of Hunting, call’d *Cynogeticon*. *Ovid* in the last Elegy of his fourth Book *de Ponto*, where he registers all the Wits of his Age, ranks this Author with *Virgil*.

*Tytirus antiquas & erat qui pasceret Herbas ;
 Aptaq; Venanti Gratius arma daret.*

Ver. 293. *Dogs you know, &c.*

—Uti, hos
 Caninos, nostis, populos,
 Coelicolus cum fuisset,
 Nostri gregis tum scripsisset.

Exulantis idem Dei
 Socii, Petti audiant mei ;
 Queis ingenium, mens martialis,
 Feri mores, mihi quales.

It was usual for the *Pagan* Gods to select and consecrate to themselves some particular Beasts and Birds (whose Qualities and

Here concluded the R—g—r, and seem'd to wax wroth ;
Mutter'd something, and trembling turn'd white as the
Cloth.

Thus *Apollo* rejoin'd. (But the God first knock'd under ;
And refounded the Table, as had it been Thunder.) 300

“ Lo ! I give up my Toast, and enough has been said ;

“ To convince me, your Consort's unworthy your Bed.

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and Manners (as they conceived) nearly resembled their own ; and which were therefore judged to be proper Symbols and Hieroglyphicks of the Divinity, by whose Favour they were thus distinguished. Dogs and Wolves were sacred to *Mars*, and are generally honoured by the old Poets with the Title of *Martii* and *Martiales*. We need only consult *Homer* to be informed what Analogy and Similitude of Manners there was between the Warrior and his Beasts.

Petti, Pets a Word used in this Country to signify any Creatures that are our Favourites ; such as Monkeys, Dogs, Parrots, Boys or Girls. 'Tis probably derived from the French *Petit*.

Ver. 297. *Here concluded, &c.*

Jam finierat Venator.

Cum, ut solet, irascatur.

Quidpiam mussat, exsanguisq;

Olli Facies, similisq;

Mentili, mappis. —

Pallidus irâ (says *Tir-Oen*.) He was pale with Anger. For *Sir Mars* always spoke in a Passion, even when the Subject Matter of Conversation was jocose and trifling, and did not in the least relate to himself.

Ver. 299. — *But the God first knock'd under.*

*Subternaq; ter pulsante
Phœbo, quasi fulminante,
Mensa sonuit quassata :
Turpi Mirâ recantatâ.*

When a controverted Point was yielded up to the Knight, which was frequently done, in order to put a Stop to his Noise and Clamour, he obliged his Opponent to knock under the Table in Token of Submission and Recantation. Hence it became a Proverb in the Provinces of *Leinster* and *Ulster*, *I knock under*, that is, *I give up the Argument, I acknowledge myself in the Wrong.*

“ I con-

" I confess, I was dup'd by *George G—n—lle's* Report ;

" Yet the Dame you describe, made a Figure at Court :

" In the Circle no Belle was so Gorgeous, and Gay ; 305

" And by Wax Light she seem'd neither Wrinkled, nor
Grey.

" Long ago we had heard your unmartial Exploit :

" But the Cause was unknown, why you're thus unadroit.

" I'm amaz'd, the good Maid, rather apt to carefs,

" Than insult an old Friend—or a Foe in distress, 310

" Shou'd a Stripling incite (horrid Deed !) to Cudg-el you :

" If he is not a *Greek*, how cou'd she know *Jack B--ll--w* ?

" But hereafter be safe ! eat, and drink, live at Ease ;

" And in spite of *Minerva* just act, as you please :

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Ver. 309. *I'm amaz'd the
good Maid, &c.*

Greek, and consequently was unknown to
her.

Virginemq; benevo-lam
Miror —

By the good Maid he means *Pallas*,
whom he seems to justify, here insinuat-
ing the great improbability of her assist-
ing Mr. *B--ll--w*, since he was not a

Ver. 313. *But hereafter be
safe, &c.*

Posthæc gratior eat Dies !
Benè pastus, potus fies !
Minervâ dum incolumis
Invitâ facias, quicquid vis,

This

“ While the Man-making Knave I reward for his Pains ;

“ For I’ll send him a Vultur, and lay him in Chains. 315

“ As for Hunting the Buck, which you so much delight in,

“ Tho’ I think it low Game--yet tis better than fighting.

“ But to make more important your Office of R--ger ;

“ And so bold since you ride, that you mayn’t ride in dan-

ger ;

320

“ I’ll prevail on Lord *John* to salute you at Court,

“ And I’ll order my Sister to favour your Sport.”

The Debate was thus ended: New Toasts went about,

Till the Wine tasted flat, and the Wit was all out.

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This is a double *Entendre*. And *Phebus* sneers the Warrior, while he seems to comfort him. To act in Opposition to *Minerva* was a Proverb among the *Romans*, alluding to those who undertook a Business, which they were neither formed by Nature, or qualified by their Education to perform.

Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesq; Minervâ. Hor.

Ver. 316. *For I’ll send him a Vultur, &c.*

Hunc nebulonem conjiciam
In vinc’la rurfus. *Aqui-lam*

Rurfus pascat Prometheum
Pectus! Audet sic in De-
um !

The Poets feign, that *Jupiter* resenting the Actions of *Prometheus* ordered *Mercury* to chain him to Mount *Caucasus*, where a Vultur or Eagle came every Day and eat up his Liver, which grew again every Night. He was at last delivered by *Hercules*, who killed the Eagle with one of his Arrows.

Mars

Mars began an old Tale of a little *Welch* Queen ; 325

Of a Battle and Siege, which he never had seen.

Like a *Tully* he'd speech it ; like *Phæbus* he'd sing ;

And the World shall be mended---When he is a King.

Vol, who likewise was tipsy, talk'd out of his Trade ;

Of the Vows, and the Cures, and the Horns he had made.

330

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Ver. 325. *Mars began an old, &c.*

Nunc anilem Mars Fabellam
Garrit ; Regis Ap Fæmellam
Laudat ; clamat ; modo mingit ;
Obfidiones, bella fingit ;
Marcum superat dicendo ;
Phœbum superat canendo ;
Orbem moribus ornaret,
Regnum si quis sibi daret.

Sir Mars was a great Braggadochio when he was sober, as I remarked above, Ver. 137. But whenever he grew a little mellow, which commonly happened to him once a Day, he became outrageous in his Conversation, and exalted himself far above all other Beings. And at such time he was fully persuaded, that he did not only excel in Arms, but in all Arts and Sciences. *Tir-Oen* says, that he had perused a large Folio written by our Hero, entitled, *The Commentaries of Sir Mars, or the History of his own Times*, which had afforded him no small Diversion. And since I began this Translation I have seen the First Book of a Poem compos'd

by our Knight in praise of himself, which he calls the *Martiad*. I remember the first six Verses, as follow.

*I will praise the great God Mars, for of all
Gods he's most worthy to be prais'd.
And I'll sing Deeds so mighty, as shall cause
ev'ry Reader to stand amaz'd.
I'll relate, how he was much flouter than
Horsa, who first landed in Kent ;
And how he made better Speeches than any
Member of Parliament.
How that he cou'd have a Countess or Twain
When his Honour inclin'd to Kisse ;
And that he cou'd write better Verses than
Homer : for he himself wrote This.*

It plainly appears from the *Exordium* of the *Martiad*, that our Hero despised *Apollo's* Advice, Ver. 235. and that he thought no Person so capable of writing his own Panegyrick as himself.

Ver. 329. *Vol, who likewise was tipsy, &c.*

Incudemq ; jam Volcanus
Ultra sapit, Bacchi Anus :
Quæ, effutit omnia, vovit ;
Mœchus, Medicus quæ novit :

Mox

He'll invent a new Crystal, and hammer his Glasses ;

And his Mountains improve by a Stock of She Asses.

Phæbus here looking out feign'd a sudden Surprise.

“ Oh! my Friends, see the *Phosphor's* just ready to rise.

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Mox martello crystallina
Faciet, pocula divina!
Dum fecundant (olim seges
Erit) Afinarum greges
Newtoni Montem.

While *Vol* was sober, he was secret and silent. But if he chanced to grow tipsy, he then blab'd out every thing he had done, or intended to do. Then he made Vows of Vengeance, prescrib'd Cures for the Gout, and bragg'd of his Intrigues with Women of Quality. Then he conceived a thousand extraordinary Projects: And in one of these Fits he published that pompous Advertisement recited by *Tir-Oen*, in which our Bottle-maker undertakes to produce a sort of Glais, that should be equal to Crystal; and declares, that he has recovered the Art of making it malleable. *Vitrea Vasa facturæ tenacitatis tantæ, ut si in Pavimentum maximo impetu projiciantur, collisa forent, at non fracta*, says *Tir-Oen*. “ That he would “ make Glas Vessels of that Solidity, “ that although they should be thrown “ down upon a Stone Pavement with the “ greatest Force, they should only be “ bruised, but not broken.” This extravagant Boast immediately raised the Expectation of all People, and we hoped to see Rivers of Gold flow into our Country, in consequence of such an useful Invention: When some malevolent Dæmon visited poor *Vol's* Glas-House, and in one Night's time put out all his Fires, broke all his Pots, Pans, &c. and dispersed his whole Train of Workmen and Fellow-

Labourers. It is an Opinion commonly received in the Provinces of *Munster* and *Connaught*, that the Destruction of the Glas-House was wrought by the Incantations of *Myra*, who imagined the *Volcanos* of *Vol* to resemble Purgatory, a Word, which always made the Sorcerers tremble. But this I look on to be a Monkish Story. The most probable Account is that which I have lately received from my worthy Friend the Learned Dr. *Lewis Anthony Oneil*, *Civibus quibusdam facta Dublinensis Volcani propius explorantibus facile innotuit Veteratorem istum omnia moliri & magna loqui ad captandum Populum. Quapropter extinctis subito Ignibus, conclusisq; Fornacibus Cyclopes omnes Vitriarios expellere statuerunt. Epistola Lud. Antonii Oneil ad Peregrinum O Donaldum. Dat. ex Portu Eblana. Martiiis Kalendis 1732.* “ Some of our Citizens, who more nearly “ inspected *Vol's* Conduct, discovered all “ his Tricks, and plainly perceived, that “ he had no other Intention than only to “ amuse and deceive the People. Where- “ fore they immediately resolved to shut “ up the Glas-House, and drive away “ all the Bottle Makers”—This Relation is agreeable to what is said hereafter by *Mercury* in the Epifode of the Gridiron.

Afinarum Greges. *Vol* had a Mountain Farm called *Newton P.* which he stock'd with She Asses, and was the first who taught that Method of improving Lands in Ireland.

Ver. 334. Oh! my Friends,
see the *Phosphor's*, &c.

Sic

" Tho' I'm tipling with you So remote in the West,

" I must set out exactly at Six from the East.

" And besides---I have promis'd to call by the Way,

" With the Muses to chat, ere I open the Day.

So the God took his leave flying strait to *Parnassus*;
To his Lodge drove Sir *Mars*, and *Vol* trudg'd to his
Glas-House.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Sic, Amici, si potemus,
Tangomenas faciemus.
Ecce (signa novi) Phosphor-
us jam ortus erit noster
Prodromus.

Phosphorus is the Morning Star, which rises just before the Sun. *Phosphore redde Diem*. Martial.

Tangomenas facere is to make a Debauch, and to drink till Day Light. *Per. Arb.*

Ver. 339. So the God took his
Leave, &c.

Deus vale dicens desiit;
Fugit, ac Parnassum petiit:
Ædes suas Mars Equester,
Fornacemq; Vol Pedester.

Vol after his Bankruptcy affected great Humility, and all outward Marks of Poverty. He appeared meanly clad. He pretended to feed on Roots and other Vegetables; and generally walk'd the Streets, even in the midst of Winter. Thus *Tir-Oen*, *Claudicat licet Vol, pedibus tamen se portat suis, pluviarum incursum & brumalis frigoris patiens*—And then he quotes the following Lines out of that famous Ode said to be written by *Trulla* the Mud-Nymph in praise of *Vol*, with which my Countryman concludes the second Chapter of his Commentary.

*Sexagesimum agens, atq; opulentior
Crasso, nunc Vitreus se patitur Vaser
Uri, nunc Luteus sub Jove frigido
Eblanæ peragrat Loca.*

Crafty *Vol*, tho' waxen old,
And as rich as Consul *Crassus*,
Foots it now in Wet and Cold,
Now is frying in a Glas-House.

F I N I S.